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Vol. CLXXXIV No. 2409 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC MARCH 23 1946

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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

BERLIN ROCKED BY AN EXPLOSION — THE POLICE BARRACKS IN THE ALEXANDERPLATZ, IN THE SOVIET ZONE, AFTER THE SIDES HAD BEEN TORN AWAY: German police stand outside and discuss their miraculous escape

Berliners were sharply reminded of the days of the blitz last Saturday when a giant explosion rocked the centre of the city. The police barracks, in the Soviet Zone, were largely wrecked as a result of the detonation of a dump of surplus Wehrmacht ammunition temporarily stored there, and three people were killed and many hundreds injured, some of them being buried for a considerable time. Subsequent investigation disclosed that the explosion was caused by a policeman, Horst Schlintz, who had been examining a hand-grenade, and, finding that it was about to explode, threw it from him on to the ammunition. The sides of two blocks of the barracks were torn away, many neighbouring houses were wrecked, and hundreds of others were damaged. Theatres, cinemas and local halls were used to shelter the homeless and fire engines from all four Allied sectors of Berlin were rushed to the scene of the disaster

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

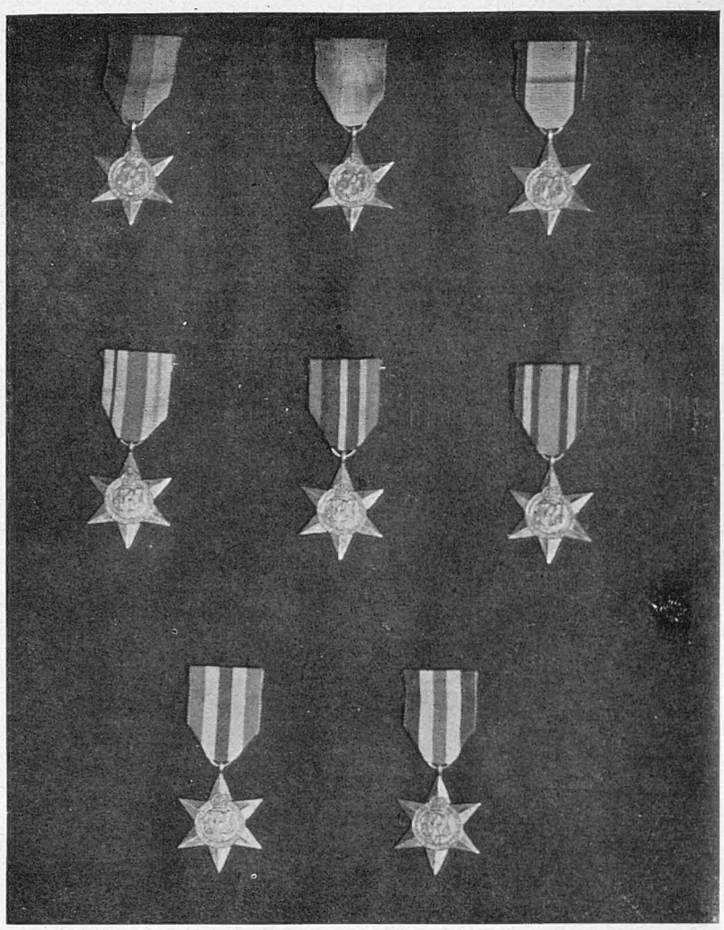
1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

India.—It was during the vice-royalty of Lord Lytton (1876-80) that Disraeli was able to offer the Queen the Imperial Crown of India—on January 1, 1877, to be precise. The proclamation of the Queen Empress was made at a Durbar of unexampled splendour. Very soon afterwards a famine broke out which cost the Deccan, Madras and Bombay 5,000,000 lives. How far Dizzy saw into the future, only the Primrose League knows. Seventy years is the allotted span of a man's life. Dynasties are often shorter lived. There is nothing very *improbable* in the prophecy, following Mr. Attlee's declaration, that the Imperial Crown of India will be surrendered before January 1, 1947. In its way, this is a very significant and important reflection, a major event in our constitutional history. The world which jealously watches the actions and tendencies of the British Empire generally approves Mr. Attlee's declaration. It sees in that declaration proof that Britain is at last moving forward from vague promises and high-flown generalities to the implementing of its trusteeship intentions as regards India. But no thinking man, of whatever race or political creed, who has troubled himself to skim through the history of India since 1880 can honestly believe that the granting of self-government to India (within or outside the British Commonwealth of Nations) can even now be a "paper transaction." Racial feuds and religious rivalries for ever disrupt Indian national life; and the chief card of England, the insistence on the democratic form of rule whatever the circumstances and the nature of the peoples concerned, is less a trump card in India than anywhere else where it has been tried. To this day, at least, I fancy that a majority of Englishmen who have served in India would confidently assert that these feuds can only be kept in check under a strong central Government and are fanned to flame by the democratic ideals of government. In the last seventy years the history of India has not lacked its grand chapters. Englishmen have done glorious work in India; Indians have followed suit. Vast progress has been made. Gratitude to England is still alive in India. Pride in India is still alive in England. Mistakes have been made here and there. By haggling and dawdling, British Governments have forfeited much of the gratitude they deserved and gained. But the haggling has been largely justified by the uncompromising hostility of rival parties and by their obstinate refusal to compromise or to compose their differences. And those differences were never wider than to-day. But a declaration like Mr. Attlee's is a pledge, an estoppel, and an advance into the blue. It means, can only mean, that if Indians can compose their differences, it is within their power to emerge by January 1, 1947, as independent a sovereign state as is Russia to-day—but with little of Russia's military and economic power and discipline, by which alone independent sovereignty can be more than empty words or an ephemeral condition. The Indian Empire may well prove to have enjoyed a longer life than the independent sovereign state which must one day succeed it. A man's life may be longer than a nation's.

Nuremberg Drags On.—The days, weeks, months go by and the Nuremberg trials drag on. At the time of writing, only one of the huge panel of accused persons has opened his defence. The summer will come and perhaps go, and still the trials will drag on. It would not be unfair to say that we are rather tired of it all; some might even add that the slow and painful processes of law and justice have blunted the sharp edge of their detestation of these prima-facie war criminals. *That* I ventured to prophesy when first we heard of the agreed procedure and the probable length of the trials. I wonder if those who planned, and all who agreed on, that procedure as clearly foresaw public reaction. Certainly they could not have foreseen that so many major new preoccupations would steal so much limelight from the Nuremberg trials, staged first and foremost as a warning to wanton warmongers for all time. It is always vain to reflect on the "might-have-been." If, for instance, each of these major criminals had been quickly and separately tried on a single capital count, offering abundant proofs. In most cases there was a rich field for the selection of a major charge, substantially based on proofs by the rules of evidence in any country and carrying, if proved to the hilt, a capital sentence. I have never understood why it was supposed that a mass-trial would provide a more memorable warning to aggressors.

Fulton Speech in Retrospect.—Mr. Churchill's now famous Fulton speech will probably figure in future history books. It was more than a speech, it was an episode; and it was, to me at least, a political mystery of the first water. I resolved to make no more than a brief and colourless reference to its having been made—and that reference appeared on March 16. Thereafter until now I kept silence even from good words. Mr. Churchill is a statesman of unique experience and authority. He is a great patriot. His knowledge of America and of Russia, reinforced by four years of close intercourse with the leaders in those countries in war, personal contacts of unexampled importance and considerable intimacy, must have given him a knowledge which few men can possess of the admittedly obscure characteristics of the leading men in both countries, and of the nature of the masses, composed of mixed races, in each country. With this knowledge of American political opinion yesterday and to-day (constantly changing and very divided and complex as it always is), it is inconceivable that he can have supposed that his proposal could have been received or embraced with even 25 per cent. approval. Equally, with his unique knowledge of Stalin's character, it is certain that he must have expected that his Fulton speech would give Stalin such a handle with which to flay Churchill and to continue to vilify Britain "according to plan," such as few propagandists are lucky enough to get hold of. In other words, unless Mr. Churchill had a temporary black-out, he must have clearly foreseen every one of the logical reactions to his speech in America and in Russia. Why, then, did he make it? A lifelong enemy of Communism, he admittedly and openly closed his eyes to the bogy in the dangerous years of war, when expediency becomes a patriotic duty.

Its Insoluble Mysteries.—Did the bogy resume its full frightfulness the moment the most urgent danger was past? But that is not the end of the mystery. The questions pose themselves: How did the Socialist Government in Britain and Mr. Truman and his party in America view the speech, after (let us say only *after*) it had been made? Among these pundits, were there any, before the explosion which it created occurred, who perhaps thought that "it might do some good; at least couldn't make things any worse"? The remarkable absence of serious disclaimer of the views Churchill expressed, alike by Truman and Attlee, suggested at the time that such an opinion might be held. As regards pre-knowledge of what Churchill meant to say, it is at least fair comment to note that Lord Halifax, representing Britain in America, is in one sense the instrument of the Socialist Government in the States, for all that he is a colleague and friend of Mr. Churchill and one of his party. And Mr. Truman and the Secretary of State were in close touch with Mr. Churchill before the Fulton speech was made. Mr. Churchill's explanation on March 15 throws little light on these secondary mysteries, though it affords some explanation of what was in his mind when he composed the speech. Nothing yet explains how Churchill can have failed to anticipate the immediate and bitter comments which Stalin would make and how he would use the speech to further his anti-British and anti-Capitalist propaganda campaign for his five-year plan, and in flaying Churchill not spare Attlee's Government. If any man alive knows something of Stalin's mind, Stalin's methods, Stalin's hopes and fears for Russia, Stalin's stage of political culture, that man surely is Winston Churchill.



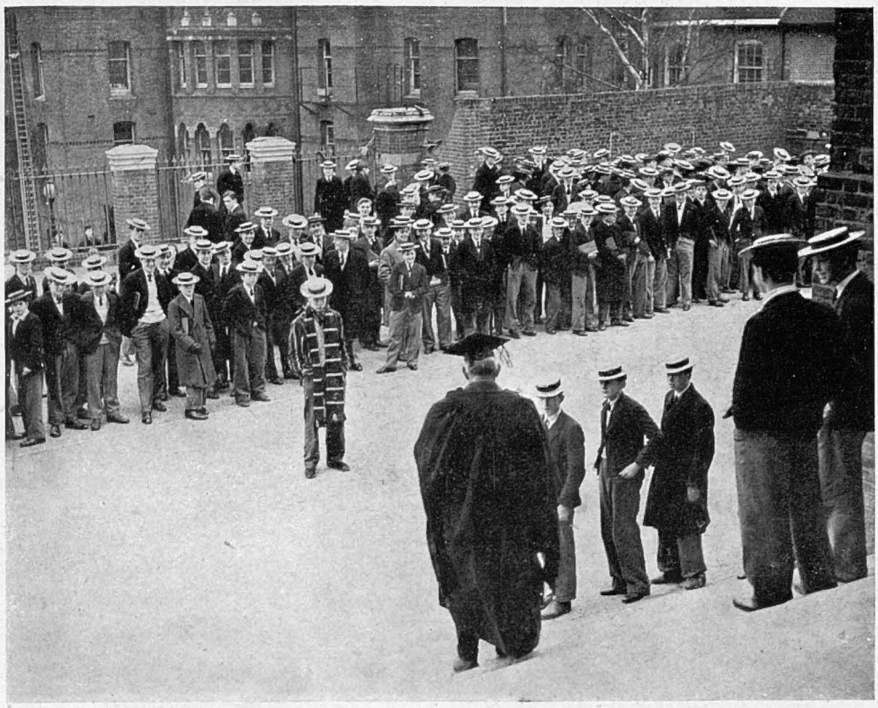
THE STRIKING OF THE CAMPAIGN STARS HAS BEGUN AT THE ROYAL MINT: The designs for the eight awards which have been approved by the King and which are now in large-scale production. The stars are being struck in a yellow copper zinc alloy, each having six points and bearing in the centre the Royal Imperial Cipher, G.R.I. The stars themselves differ only in the name of the campaign inscribed beneath the Cipher, the principal difference being in the design and colour of the ribbons. Left to right, top row—1939-45 Star, Atlantic Star, and Air Crew Europe Star Centre row—Africa Star, Pacific Star, and Burma Star. Bottom row—Italy Star and France-Germany Star

The Right Spirit.—There is no doubt in my mind that Victory celebrations on any scale, national or local, require a Victory spirit to carry them off. There is no such spirit abroad to-day, and I can understand the point of view of those who write or say that it is shocking waste to manufacture bunting when housewives so urgently need dish-clouts, and that it is shameful to employ carpenters to build stands for the privileged or the wealthy when the common man so badly needs a roof over his head. The counter-argument is strong that we owe it to our glorious fighting men to give them a chance to comprehend the extent of our gratitude, but I can also appreciate the sure rebutter that the most practical form of gratitude is homes and dish-clouts, and that, after all, the civilian population was "in the war" also, and did its bit on inferior rations and under the disabilities of advanced years often and real hardship always. In short, these doubts abound and are the result of a current (I hope short-lived) spirit of depression, disillusion and even defeatism. Small wonder, if we allow ourselves to go on believing that the next war is "just round the corner." Myself, I believe things are different now. I do not believe the next war is "round the corner," whatever the Cardinals and other High Priests may announce. The world is sick and mad, the Russians are behaving, as I think, atrociously and shortsightedly; Britain is being snubbed, tail-twisted and spat on here, there and everywhere, and life in this island is dingy and dreary. But there is much we can do to improve the situation, and very much which the *weather* can and will do in that line. If we are wise we shall not allow ourselves to believe in the inevitability of war. I firmly believe we have at least a decade granted to humanity in which to change its heart and perfect its organisation for keeping the peace.

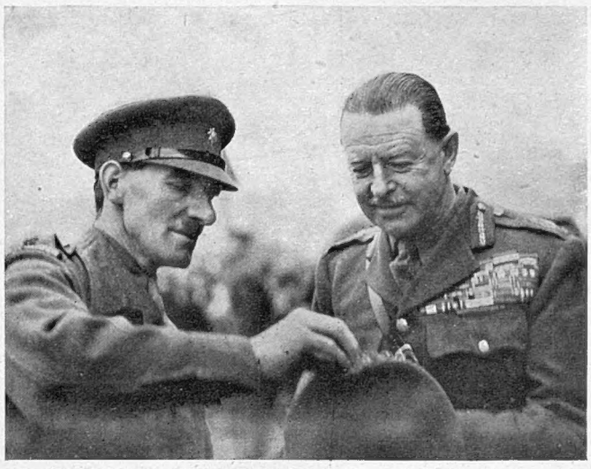
And Another Spirit.—It is good news that the right spirit (in still very limited quantity) is to be reintroduced into our car tanks. A little "aviation spirit" on the roads will do wonders, and not, I think, increase the holocaust. Indeed, a car is safer and far better controlled when it runs smoothly and not in jerks of stop and go. The stuff we have put into our tanks in the last few years is only equalled in baseness and inefficiency by the solid fuels lightly labelled coal, coke or anthracite, for which we pay prices more suitable to gold-dust than coal-dust. And once more I will come out—a rare occasion—as an optimist. I simply refuse to believe that all this summer and autumn, when holidays and change will be of such vital psychological importance, we shall be fobbed off with seven gallons of petrol per month. If the value of each unit be not doubled before July, I will store my ration and drown the Minister of Fuel in a butt of his nasty Malmesey. If we don't begin to "go places" again this summer, we shall stick fast for years in the present Slough of Despond. We shall lose for ever the spirit of adventure which made us what we are.

THE OLD STAGER

LAST WEEK-END IN ENGLAND



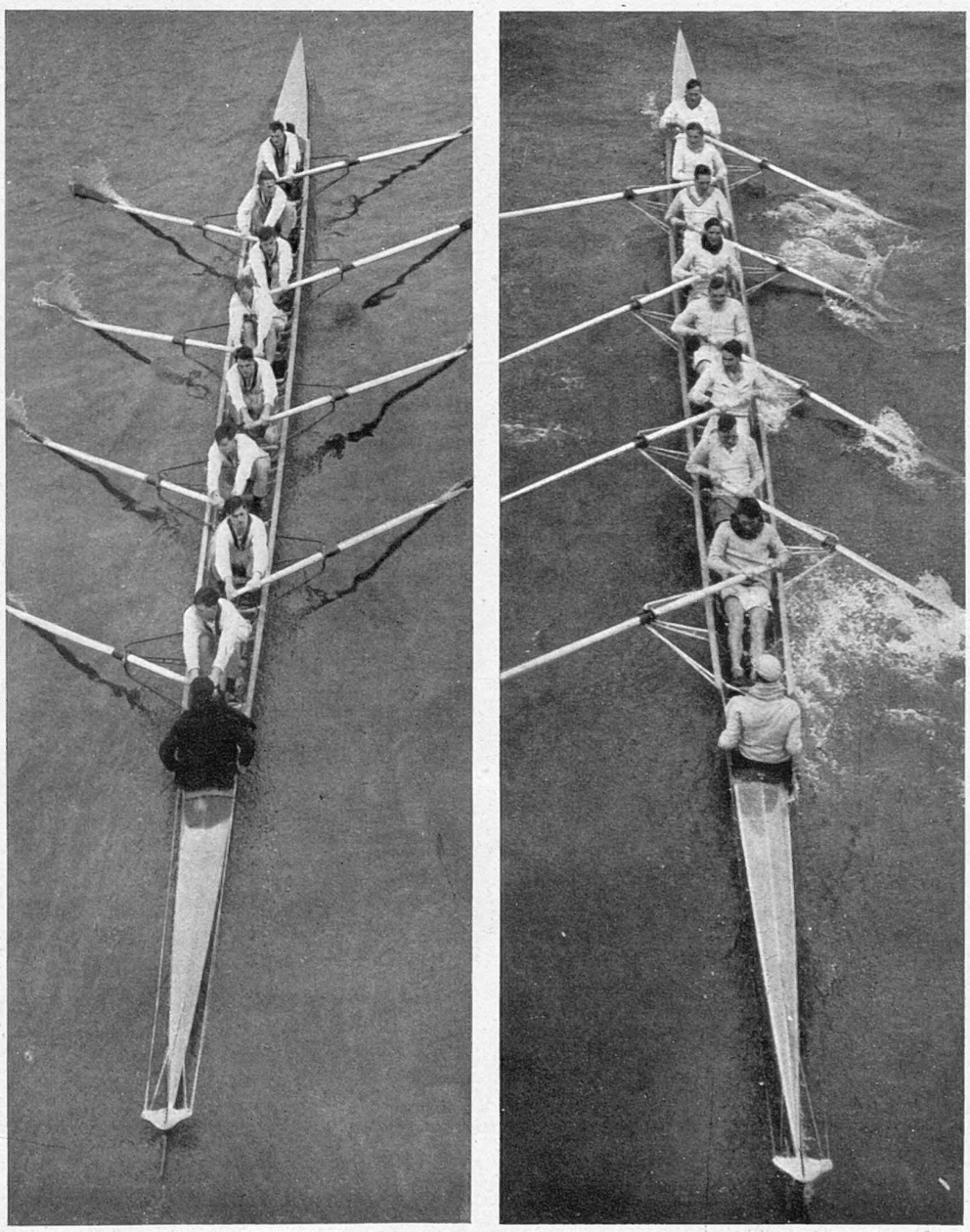
FOUNDER'S DAY AT HARROW : Dr. Edward Laborde, a well-known figure to more than one generation of Harrovians, calling the roll on the morning of the annual Founder's Day holiday which was held last Saturday. A monitor, with flowing scarf and hands deep in pockets, looks on to see that the boys cap the master and call "Here, Sir," in answer to their names. The day was made memorable by the visit of Field-Marshal Viscount Alexander, who addressed the boys in Speech Room, reminding them of the continuing role of the public schools in turning out leaders. "It is hardly necessary to give you examples," he declared, "when we remember that Winston is an old Harrovian"



THE WEARING OF THE GREEN : Field-Marshal Viscount Alexander receiving a shamrock decoration for his hat after he himself had presented shamrocks to the Ist Battalion the Irish Guards, at Chelsea Barracks. About six hundred officers and men paraded for this St. Patrick's Day ceremony, and also present was a detachment of members of the Old Comrades' Association

GENERAL ANDERS IN LONDON : The Commander-in-Chief of the Polish forces in Italy, who has been in conference with the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary. Following General Anders' visit it has been decided to disband the Polish forces, as they have for long been regarded as an embarrassing influence

THE WILD WAVES OF WINTER : A stretch of the concrete sea-wall at Lowestoft, which has collapsed through the sea undermining the foundations. As a result, there was danger of flooding, and energetic attempts were made to prevent the town being inundated



OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE IN TRAINING ON THE TIDEWAY : Last week-end the University crews for the Boat Race, which will be rowed on March 30, made their first appearance at Putney, both eights impressing the few onlookers who came out to watch them in chill weather. During their outings on Saturday the crews covered over nine miles. Oxford (*left*) were the first to go afloat, and in a practice over the full boat-race course from Putney to Mortlake they put in a burst of rowing, getting in ten strokes in 20 seconds, and paddled through to the finish without an easy. Cambridge (*right*) confined themselves to alternate spells of light and firm paddling under their coach, Colonel Thomson. The crews were as follows: Oxford—R. M. T. Raikes (bow), R. Turner Warwick, J. R. Barry, R. M. A. Bourne, J. R. L. Carstairs, J. R. W. Gleave, P. N. Brodie, A. J. R. Purcell (stroke), R. Ebsworth Snow (cox). Cambridge—J. S. Paton Phillip (bow), T. J. Sullivan, P. L. P. Macdonald, R. A. R. Dewar, G. E. C. Thomas, J. G. Gosse, M. S. A Ward, J. H. Neame (stroke), G. H. C. Fisher (cox)

THE SAILING OF THE "HELL SHIP"

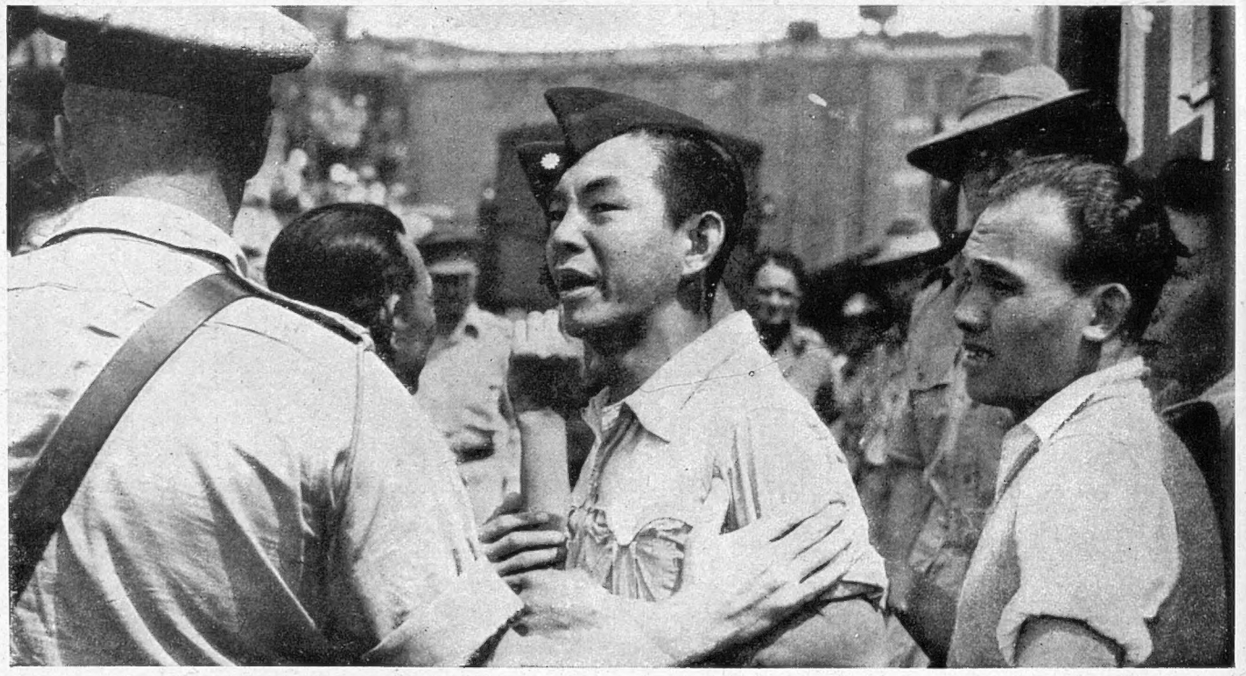
Scenes on the Quayside at Sydney Before the Departure of the "Yoizuki"

The use of the former Japanese destroyer *Yoizuki* to send Japanese prisoners of war and civilian internees back to Formosa and Korea aroused a storm of protest when it became known that the ship sailed from Sydney with 1,200 people on board instead of a normal complement of 450. The Australian Government referred the case to General MacArthur, who at once gave orders for the women and children to be disembarked at Rabaul and transferred to a hospital ship. The pictures on this page show some of the pathetic scenes witnessed as the *Yoizuki* left Sydney.

PATHETIC SCENES AT PYRMONT WHARF: A middle-aged Formosan wiping tears from his eyes after releasing his hold on a young compatriot whom he had forcibly restrained from throwing himself into the water. One of many dramatic scenes before the departure from Sydney of the dangerously overcrowded "Hell Ship" *Yoizuki*

FEAR AND DEJECTION ARE WRITTEN ON THE FACES OF THESE JAPANESE GIRLS as they receive an issue of milk before being forced to board the Japanese destroyer *Yoizuki*, the accommodation in which was totally inadequate. The sailing from Sydney was delayed for five hours while Australian Army officers sought guidance from higher authority

FORMOSAN CHILDREN WEEPING BITTERLY AFTER BEING PUT ABOARD THE "YOIZUKI": A picture of utter dejection just before the vessel sailed with 1,200 persons on board. The *Yoizuki* is a former Japanese destroyer. Her normal complement is only 450 and she is quite unfitted for use as a passenger transport

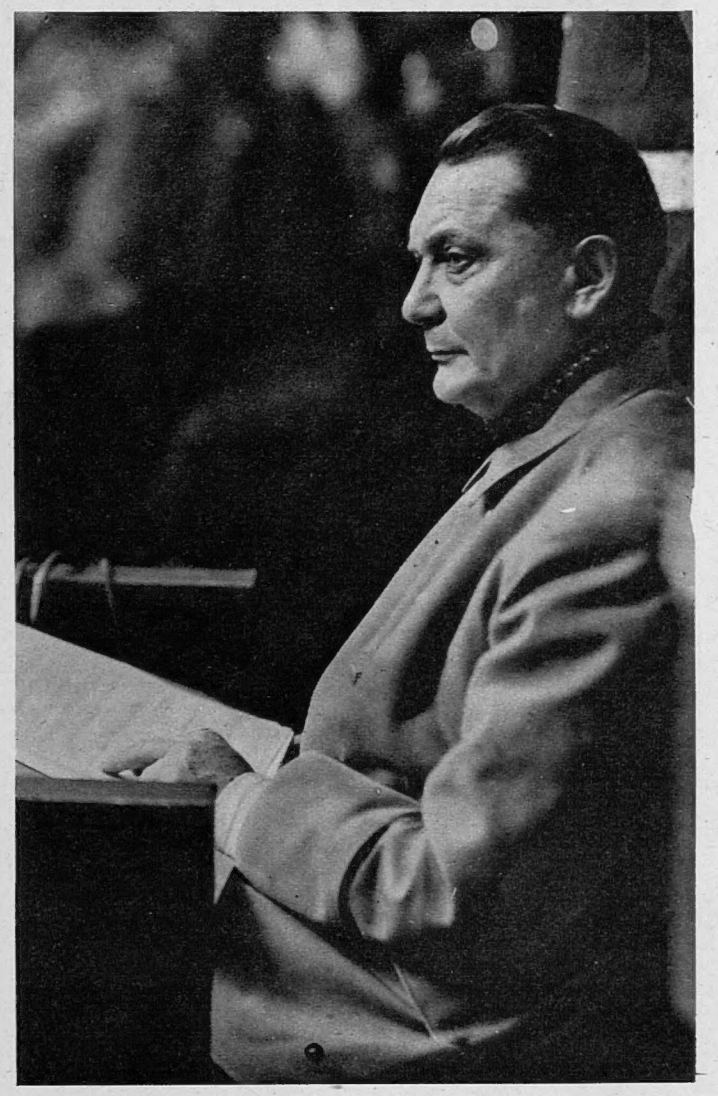


***On right*—FORMOSANS PLEAD FOR THEIR COMPATRIOTS:** A scene at Pyrmont Wharf, Sydney, as they requested an Australian officer to assist them in their protest against the conditions of overcrowding in the *Yoizuki*. The authorities present showed every consideration, but, after delaying the ship and appealing to higher quarters, the vessel eventually sailed. When the news became generally known in Sydney there was an immediate outcry, and both the Australian Government and General MacArthur's headquarters in Tokyo had to answer some awkward questions

STAR PERFORMERS at NUREMBERG

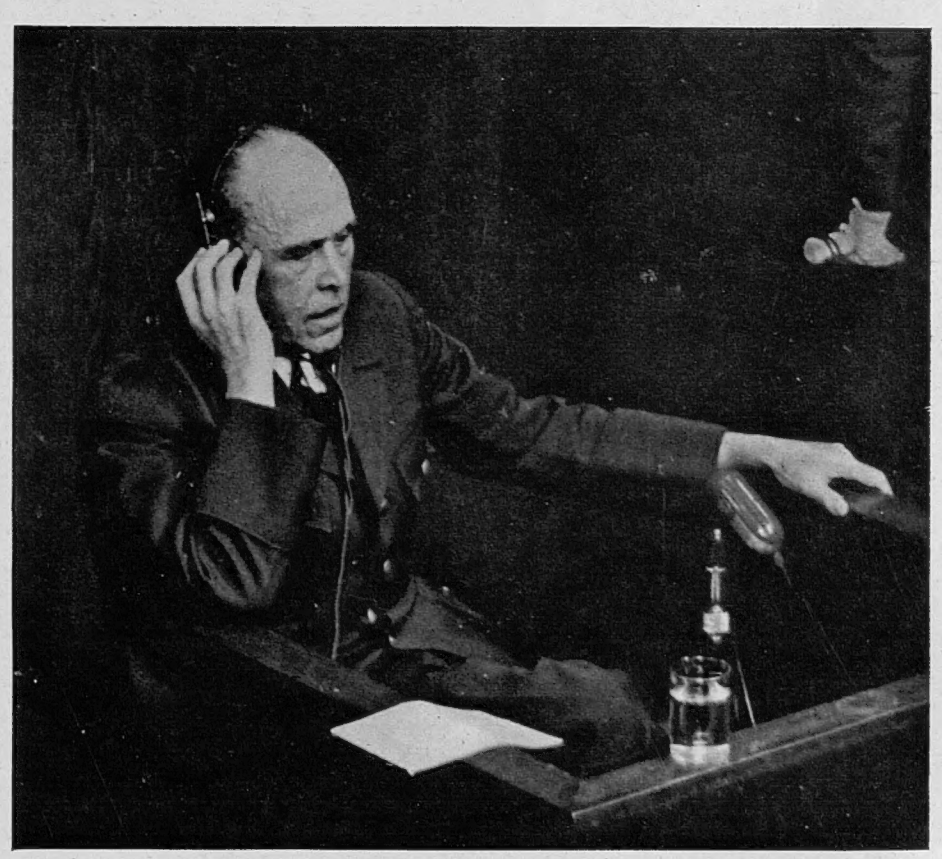
Goering, Milch, and Kesselring Take the Stand

HERMANN GOERING EXPOUNDS HIS POLITICAL TESTAMENT : Arch-Nazi No. 2 in the witness-box at Nuremberg. In his dramatic evidence last week Goering accepted full responsibility for such acts as the annexation of Austria and the exclusion of Jews from Germany's economic life



NOT HIS OLD BUMPTIOUS SELF : Goering's face was drawn and pouches underlined his eyes after five-and-a-half hours in the witness-box on the second day of his evidence. The former Reichsmarshal showed, however, that he has not lost any of his former adroitness as a disputant

FIELD-MARSHAL MILCH IS A RELUCTANT WITNESS : Goering's Luftwaffe Adjutant gave evidence in his former master's defence. He claimed, among other things, the purely defensive role of the German Air Force in the early days. Milch repeatedly faltered under cross-examination, saying his memory was affected through ill-treatment as a prisoner of war



THE AGING KESSELRING : Another star witness who showed signs of strain at the Nuremberg trials. It was he who directed the Luftwaffe attacks on Warsaw, Rotterdam and Coventry, and he told the tribunal that he was glad when Coventry was chosen as a target, regarding it as a purely military objective

The Nazi trials at Nuremberg were given a new interest and a new dramatic sweep last week when Hermann Goering appeared for the first time in the witness-box, and Field-Marshals Milch and Kesselring, who had played a vital role as his subordinates in the Luftwaffe and were deep in Hitler's inner councils throughout the war, also appeared on his behalf. Goering was no longer his jaunty self, and, after five-and-a-half hours in the witness-box on the second day, his voice cracked with weariness and he showed every sign of strain. Milch and Kesselring were also pale and drawn

THE NEW ORDER IN GERMANY

Life in the Zones Occupied by the Russians

During the first days of the occupation very little news came from the Russian Zone of Germany; but now at last Allied Press correspondents have been allowed to tour the area, and they are discovering a large-scale programme of social change in operation. It appears that all the great estates of Saxony, formerly owned by industrialists and wealthy landed proprietors, are being parcelled out among the people, each holding consisting of about 12½ acres of arable land and about 7½ acres of woodland. In addition, the new tenants receive a certain amount of livestock, including two cows, two pigs, and a horse or donkey to do the heavy draught work. The land is purchasable on a long-term basis, and the only real stipulation with regard to tenure is that the people shall work hard and efficiently.

At Grosenheim, where the accompanying picture was taken after the scheme had come into operation, several German families have taken over the big mansion, and they appear to be thoroughly enjoying the new life. This is only one of many individual measures adopted in the Russian Zone, and it would appear that conditions are growing more and more divergent in each of the occupied areas of the new Germany.

Below — Dresden, the Saxon capital, is a badly-damaged city, largely as a result of R.A.F. raids, and the Russians have hit upon the plan of encouraging citizens to give up their Sundays to the task of clearing away the débris, promising them in the future a bigger and better city. Russian authority in Saxony is strict, but the people are co-operating well with the occupying force, and they hope that Dresden will be the first German city to rise again. They are also encouraged by the hope of more liberal food supplies resulting from the Russian system of land reform, whereby the estates of the wealthy are being split up into small-holdings

RUSSIA SHARES THE WEALTH IN SAXONY: A German youth and German women at work in the yard of a great estate at Grosenheim, near Dresden, where the Russian authorities have installed a number of German families, allowing them to purchase their share in the property on a long-term basis. In each case the owners have either fled or been displaced

AN INDUCEMENT TO WORK: Volunteer workers who help to clear the ruins of Dresden on Sundays are rewarded at the end of the day with a bowl of hot soup, delivered to them in papier-mâché cartons at a street canteen organised by the Russians

IN DRESDEN TO-DAY: A Russian soldier riding through the Saxon capital. Many of the Russian troops in this area have now been withdrawn, and they have been superseded by a special police force drilled to a high standard in the duties of occupation. A large proportion of them is German-speaking

BACK TO THEIR OLD HAUNTS—THE BLACK MARKETEERS RETURN TO THE TIERGARTEN : The illicit traders have returned again to the former scene of their activities. In "The Sphere" of March 2 a picture appeared showing the Tiergarten completely deserted, all the Black Marketeers having been expelled by the military police. It was stated at the time that the market would not be allowed to open up again, and that the strictest police measures would be taken in order to stop traders assembling. The police, however, must have relaxed their vigilance, and here we see the old familiar spectacle as German civilians and Allied troops barter wrist-watches, cameras, cigarettes and food as brazenly as ever. The building on the left is the damaged Reichstag

RUSSIAN OFFICERS AND MILITARY POLICE IN THE SAXON CAPITAL : Members of the occupying force and, in the background, a typical example of their propaganda. The poster declares : "The Red Army is Free from the Feeling of Race Hatred." The main policy of the Russians in Dresden is to get the people to work, and in this connection they are giving the Germans a very free hand under the energetic Presidency of Dr. Rudolf Fredericks

BOY MEETS GIRL IN DRESDEN : They are both members of the Russian occupying force and both wear the epaulettes of officers. They have plenty of opportunity for relaxation in the city

THE ANTICS OF GUGLIELMO GIANNINI

Is He a New Mussolini, More Subtle in Method and Armed with the Rapier of a Lightning Wit?

By FERDINAND TUOHY

MORE than 25,000,000 Italians may vote, if they wish, in the forthcoming elections, and no one seems to have an inkling of how they will spread themselves across the six main parties: Socialist, Christian-Democrat, Communist, Liberal, Action, and Labour-Democrat. There might have been a seventh party, but the fact that it isn't ready should not deter us from taking rather more note of the absentee than a former generation was pleased to bestow on bands of crackpot youths with loaded canes and castor-oil.

When Mussolini started off with disgruntled ex-Servicemen in March 1919, he was already a well-known editor; yet do I remember what scant attention even we foreign correspondents paid to him and his bravos as late as 1922—when Benito turned up at the Cannes Conference, only to be laughed at! Ten months later he ruled Italy, and while I 'm not suggesting for a moment that Guglielmo Giannini will be doing likewise next January, there are such patent similarities between his "Front of the Common Man" and the early days of Fascism that it 's time we made closer acquaintance with the gentleman, if only in the guise of a highly-colourful exciter of a variety of straying Italian emotions, wants and grievances.

The while we laughed at his posturing and glaring, Mussolini was at bottom a serious-minded condottieri who saw his chance to gate-crash a Constitution that had never worked in the fifty years since Italian Unity, and which, in 1920, was obviously floundering in a tangle of decay, chronic post-war difficulties, and failure to get even dignified peace terms from the Allies. The same trio is doing duty for Giannini, and this second journalist has assembled his early supporters as shrewdly and more quickly than ever Mussolini did. He works in a more electrical, "anything-may-happen" atmosphere and has certain cards his predecessor did not hold. He knows as much, and also that former bombast and flamboyant uniforms are *out*.

Unlike the poseur who put on a look of thunder and "willed" all Italians towards their stern destiny, Giannini's method is as light as his ash-blond hair. There 's nothing black about him. Instead of haranguing, his addresses are delivered in a mellow voice, almost diffidently. William can be the loudest thing, but he can act too—a gifted actor. If he 's where he is, playing to an audience that delights in every "crack" at the other political parties ("so servile, weak and inept"), and at their leaders ("let 's pull back their bed-curtains!"), this author of very light comedies knew how to capture a widening Italian mood, not by resounding leading articles and strutting speeches, but with a coarse, rapier wit for ever welcome in cynical Italian humour, and a pen dipped in Swift, Rabelais, Boccaccio, and the latest vulgar slang.

Now in middle life, Giannini began as a dramatic critic, from which he passed, in the '20's, to writing those comedies *molto shocking*. He was the sort of gay Italian intellectual who either laughed at Fascism or got sick, and he managed to stay right out until 1932. When he did apply for Party membership he was turned down as unreliable, and so he stayed until 1941, when victory was in the bag and anyone could join.

Giannini worked his passage by writing anti-British diatribes much on the lines of Béraud's "Exterminate them!" But it was a brief passage. So nimble a bird hops easily back and forth, and Guglielmo was one of the first to quit the Fascist Party after the Armistice of 1943. He "sensed" a high time for ridicule and vituperation, and while the Germans were yet in Rome began publishing there a satirical weekly, *Uomo Qualunque*, to all and sundry just *U.Q.*, which has been rendered both as the "Man-in-the-Street" and the "Common Man." As Henry Wallace had just declared this to be the century of the common man, Giannini may have taken his cue there.

Until last summer nobody took much notice—except to laugh at the barbed frolic. Italians were much too taken up with birth-pangs of peace and how to eat, scrounge, and clean up the lire. Then Giannini was put in prison to do a month's purging for his two years of Fascism; *U.Q.* was missed on the kiosks; and when its bright spirit came out of gaol, it was to find that he had soared to be a victim of oppression. Sympathy was showered upon him, and some of it was of so practical a kind that William was able to re-start *U.Q.* with a bound—and ever so much more violently.

Throughout last autumn Giannini maintained an all-time record for criminal libel and spicy revelations affecting leaders of the day; the whole being wrapped in a bitterness and invective causing other publications on the kiosk to shrink away. Yet might something lie embedded in all this fulmination—maybe some "message"? More and more Italians debated the matter—and bought *U.Q.*, which became far more than the oracle of the bars and cafés. It became the most popular paper in the country.

THE PASSING OF ITALY'S PUBLIC ENEMIES: Twenty-three-year-old Sandro Bezzi lying dead in the streets of Milan after a running battle with the police in which his chief, Carlo Barbieri (*on right*), Public Enemy No. 1, was wounded in the right hand and then arrested. Both Barbieri and Bezzi typify the gangster elements which have of late been active in Northern Italy, giving the new Italian administration of Lombardy much to contend against

At the height of all the excitement Giannini took a further step. He founded a political "Front of the Common Man," and announced that readers must pay for it themselves. Let them start groups everywhere and he 'd publish weekly progress. In rolled the lire. Collecting grew to be in the nature of a crusade.

Giannini has since said that his movement cost £7,500 to build up, all collected piecemeal. But a flaw in the financial works has been detected. Inside two weeks, *U.Q.'s* circulation rose from 200,000 to 800,000. To satisfy a rise of that velocity required costly, long-distance planning. Collecting by small groups could never have met it in time, and so the suspicion was sown that Giannini must be financed by the same occult forces that stood behind Mussolini after he left *Avanti* and launched the *Popolo d'Italia*.

The rank-and-file supporters of Giannini are returned prisoners of war, ex-Fascists, workers returned from Germany, small business-men, small industrialists and financiers, and the poorer peasants of the south. Of these, the most valuable are the ex-Servicemen and the former Fascists who either have been purged or stand in fear of it. This latter category comprises a whole host of valuable officials and technicians who ran the nation's affairs until a couple of years ago and find themselves now shoved on the sidelines. Giannini scores over Mussolini in possessing this army of disused officialdom and brain-workers.

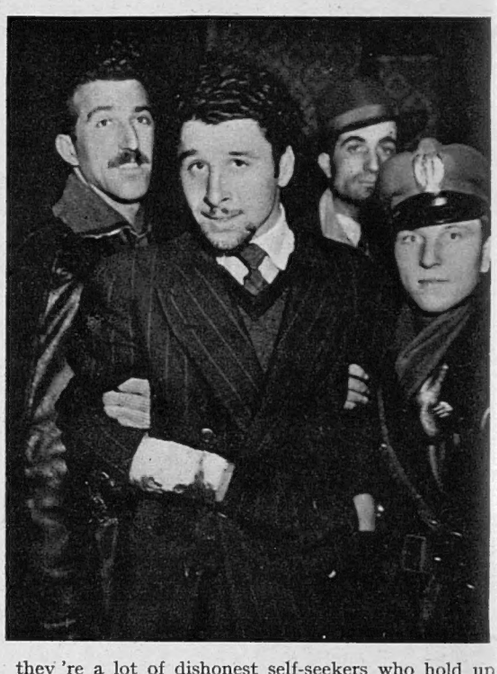
Now Ash-blond is astutely going out after the biggest fry of all. He wants the priests, and the big bankers, landowners and industrialists on his side, and is accordingly in full cry against Communism and nationalisation. His non-stop vituperation against the "godless Reds" can only be sweet music in a certain exalted Roman quarter, while the campaign against general nationalisation attracts the peasants in the north and centre, who own their land, as well as capitalists and the poor south, which falls for anything that promises improved conditions provided it be left its superstitions (which the "godless Reds" would repudiate).

Ash-blond is up to it all. He doesn't want the Monarchists to look askance at him, so he studiously avoids the institutional question while everyone else is discussing it. *But* he is received by the Lieutenant of the Realm, who is almost the only public personage that *U.Q.* has not attacked.

A further example of Giannini's cleverness in mixing the salad was his answer to hecklers who wanted to know if he proposed to be leader himself. "Why not Nitti or Orlando?" countered Giannini; and when neither of these octogenarians denied anything, their silence was read to mean support and *U.Q.* picked up needed respectability.

This neo-Fascism has now got such a grip that the same Roman hall that the Communists needed was taken for the first National Congress of the Common Man, recently over. The atmosphere was one of old-time Fascism, with constant clamour for "*Tri-este!*" and "*Za-ra!*" That Giannini violently abused Fascism didn't ruffle the shouters in the least. They knew better. They knew their Giannini. What an artist in verbal camouflage!

The high-light was when Giannini propounded the Party's programme. Then the 600 self-sent *U.Q.* delegates from all over Italy bent forward, and the other 2,000 of the public listened too. To what? It sounds to me very much like Bottomley's Business Government. "Out with party politics!" "Out with professional politicians!" All their discussion and argument is mere waste of time. Into the bargain they 're a lot of dishonest self-seekers who hold up efficient administration of the country. Abolish politics! Let government be the business of experts and technicians. A financier at the Treasury, a teacher for education, a lawyer for the laws.



That 's how it goes. And not a breath of violence or a whiff of castor-oil. On the contrary, Giannini wins fervent support by demanding a general amnesty which would save money to the State and be a boon to families separated and severely hit.

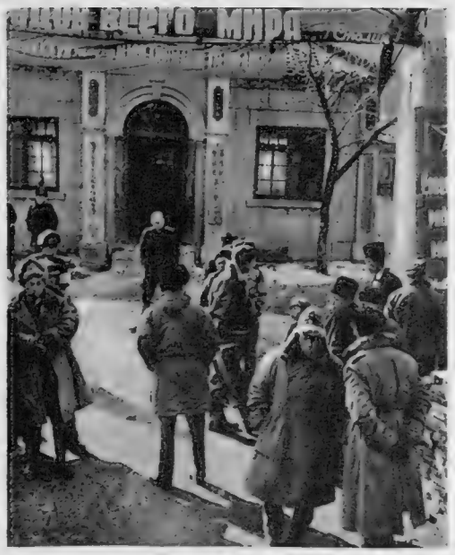
Such is the muddle in Italy, and such the contempt in which politicians are held (largely due to *U.Q.* dirt), that ever-greater numbers are attentive to Giannini as he gives his remedy.

Will it all fizzle out, once the cream of novelty ceases to thrill? Giannini has been careful to drop Fascism's biggest flops: its clamour for empire, theatrical nonsense, and antagonising of Britain and America. Italians believe Americans, especially, look without disfavour on this movement, and the belief grew when big banker Giannini from America visited Rome and said it needed a respectable elder statesman (a Nitti backed by *U.Q.* ?). Italians reckon that Russia will continue to force a hard peace on Italy, and that nothing is more certain to reinforce Giannini than a resultant intensification of the *amarissima* feeling of d'Annunzio's day.

The STRIPPING of MANCHURIAN INDUSTRIAL PLANTS

Photographic Evidence of Soviet Activities in the City of Mukden

A MUKDEN PLANT STRIPPED BY THE RUSSIANS: The interior of one of the numerous buildings of the Teho Weaving Factory after Soviet engineers had removed every bit of machinery, including generating plants and electric motors. Heavy concrete mounts and anchoring bolts show where the equipment stood. This picture was taken by Bob Bryant, an American news photographer, who, with a party of American correspondents, toured Mukden without Soviet permission and witnessed the result of the systematic stripping of the city's industrial plants. Of 900 factories in Manchuria, only three have not been stripped, and nearly 200 railway freight wagons, loaded with this material, left Mukden daily. Most of the material went to Vladivostock, presumably for re-shipment



A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION OUTSIDE MUKDEN ARSENAL: This picture was taken by Bob Bryant, an American news photographer, when fellow-American correspondents and Chinese Army officers were denied admittance to the building by Russian guards. The Americans were making a tour of Mukden to find evidence of the stripping of industrial plants in Manchuria. They were operating without the permission of the Red Army authorities

The question of the stripping of the Manchurian industrial plants, which has been the subject of protest by the United States Government, was brought to a head by the tour made through Mukden by a party of American correspondents, and part of the photographic evidence they obtained is shown on this page. The subsequent statement by the Red Army Commander in Mukden gave the impression that the Big Three had agreed to this stripping, either at Yalta or Potsdam, but the American Secretary of State, Mr. Byrnes, has since declared on more than one occasion that he has never had any knowledge of such an arrangement

WHILE THE SOVIET FORCES WERE STILL IN MUKDEN they made the most of their opportunity to publicise their short Manchurian campaign against the Japanese, and on their headquarters building they set up a giant representation of the medal, bearing the portrait of Stalin, awarded to all who took part. Since this picture was taken, the Soviet forces have evacuated Mukden

ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF THE AKIWUMEI RUBBER FACTORY: A group of American correspondents looking round the looted and destroyed building, from which they declared that the Russians had taken all the industrial equipment, sending it northwards by rail. When this evidence came before the State Department in Washington, immediate protests were made to the Soviet authorities. In reply, the Red Army Commander in Mukden, Major-General Kovtoun-Stankevitch, declared that what had been done was in accordance with a Big Three Agreement; but whether the agreement was reached at Yalta or Potsdam he could not remember. This agreement, he declared, provided that Japanese war industry, which had been highly developed in the Mukden area, should not be left in Manchuria. The U.S. Secretary of State has denied knowledge of the agreement

EUROPE IN DISRUPTION

The Problem of Trieste and Fiume: Winter in Warsaw and Berlin: Propaganda by the Danube

THE FUTURE OF FIUME, VENEZIA GIULIA, TRIESTE AND UDINE: A diagrammatic drawing looking west from the port of Fiume across the territory which is in dispute between Italy and the new Republic of Yugoslavia. There has been considerable tension of late owing to the presence of Yugoslav troops in increasing numbers on the frontier, their forces amounting to at least ten divisions with tanks and artillery. Meanwhile, the Boundary Commission has arrived in Trieste, and on March 9 it began its thankless task of deciding whether Venezia Giulia should form a seventh Republic of the Yugoslav State or become part of the new Italy. Fiume typifies conditions in this area of dispute, having a mixed population of Italians, Croats, Magyars, and various other nationalities. In its chequered history it has been part of Croatia, Hungary, and the Napoleonic domain of Illyria, and after the last war it was, as now, claimed both by Italians and Yugoslavs—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

VENEZIA GIULIA TO-DAY: A sketch-map showing the situation of Trieste, where the Boundary Commission met on March 9 to start discussions on the future of the area

A LETTER TO HERMAN: Frau Emmy Goering and her daughter Edda writing a letter to Reichmarshal Goering to tell him that they have been released from prison. The picture was taken at the farmhouse of a forester on one of Goering's estates, where the mother and child have been given lodging. Before the war Frau Goering was well known as the actress, Emmy Sonnemann

SEEKING A CHANCE TO GET WARM: Citizens of Berlin waiting for the opening of one of the theatres so that they can escape from the snowbound streets and the cold that pervades their own homes. Gone are the days when the great blocks of flats in Berlin were all centrally heated, and for the most part the flats themselves lie in ruins

WANDERERS OF THE WESTPHALIAN PLAIN FIND AN UNDERGROUND REFUGE: Pastor Rheinhardt Uvens, a Protestant relief worker, leading the singing in the deep air-raid shelter at Bielefeld, where he has opened a hostel for the homeless. To him may come as many as 1,200 people in one night, many of them discharged members of the Wehrmacht making their way home on foot from Munster, the principal discharge centre in the British Zone. This area, which lies just to the north-east of the Rhineland, is now filled to overflowing with refugees, some of them from the line of the Oder, where they were recently displaced

RED PROPAGANDA BY THE BLUE DANUBE: A spectacular display in Ignaz Seipel Ring, outside one of the headquarters of the Soviet Army. The building is adorned with portraits of Stalin and Lenin and an inscription commemorating the twenty-eighth anniversary of the founding of the Red Army. Between the two portraits is a giant red star. Red Army Day was celebrated with fervour throughout the Russian zones of occupation

IN POLAND TO-DAY—WHERE RUSSIAN TROOPS STILL POLICE THE LAND AND POLITICAL DIFFERENCES ARE RIFE: Red Army soldiers interrogating a doubtful character in the bombed suburbs of Warsaw—*Drawing by Edward Osmond*

Russia still has a big say in all that goes on in Poland, and her troops are still there in great force. The political situation in the country is troubled in the extreme, and it is hoped that the coming elections will tend to clarify the issue. At the moment the Polish Communists and Socialists are at loggerheads with M. Mikolaajczyk and his Peasant Party, claiming that the Peasant Party is not democratic in outlook, and that when it returned from London it only entered the Government in Warsaw in order to conduct opposition propaganda and foster reactionary feeling. At the end of last week the date of the elections had not been fixed, and the whole outlook was charged with uncertainty

WINTER IN BERLIN—CITIZENS GATHER BOUGHS IN THE SNOWSWEPT TIERGARTEN AND GERMAN POLICE EXERCISE THEIR NEW PATROL DOGS: An impression of life in the capital, where a hard winter is now approaching its end—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

Berlin is now looking forward to the end of its first post-war winter, and, with rations lower than ever, the fight for existence has been intensified. Those who obtain fuel get it only by their own efforts, and then it is seldom sufficient to keep a fire going for long. An interesting feature of life in Berlin is the appearance of the newly-trained German police, who have been taught British methods and have been trained to use the military police dogs. Many of these dogs come from the Brussels War Dog Training School, and they are largely employed in guarding ammunition dumps and food supplies. If other than a uniformed person approaches, they will seize him, usually by the hand, and, if he struggles, they will attempt to kill him

A FOREIGN SURVEY

Pictures from Europe, America, and the Far East

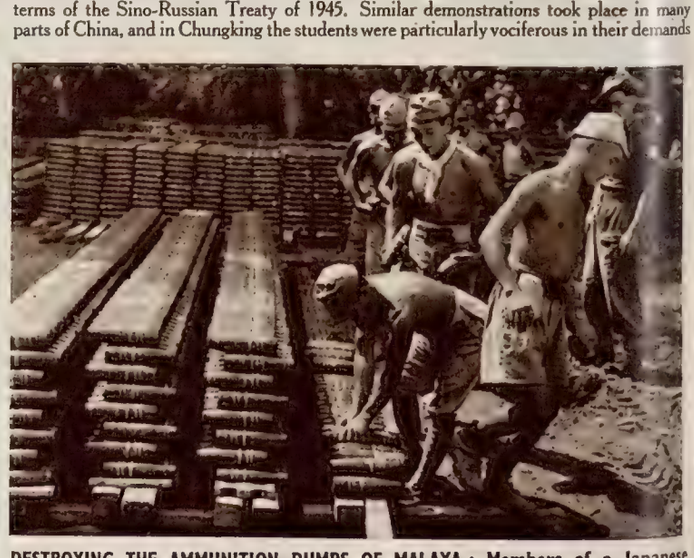
***On left*—The Catacombs of Paris,** which have just been reopened, were formerly subterranean quarries, and they were worked as far back as the Roman period. They extend under a large part of the left bank area of Paris, and so great was the extent of this mining that in 1774 several streets in that area began to show symptoms of sinking. Steps were at once taken by the Government to avert the danger by constructing piers and buttresses. About the same time, when the cemetery of the Innocents and other cemeteries were closed, skeletons were removed to these underground workings, and in the course of years the quarries were converted into a vast charnel-house, coming to be known as the Catacombs. The galleries and different compartments are lined with human bones and skulls, representing, it is said, nearly 6,000,000 bodies

THE CATACOMBS OF PARIS ARE ONCE AGAIN OPEN TO THE PUBLIC: A young member of the American Red Cross being shown by a guide a monument carved by workmen in these subterranean quarries about the year 1700. Before the war the Catacombs were a great show-place, and their reopening recently aroused considerable attention. Six million skeletons are lodged there

THE U.S.S.R. MAKES A TREATY OF PEACE WITH MONGOLIA: M. Molotov, Soviet Commissar for Foreign Affairs, signs the document at the Moscow Foreign Office. Since 1915, when Mongolia threw off its ancient allegiance to China, it has been an Autonomous Republic, and since 1917 it has had a regular alliance with Russia. The Republic has a population of 750,000, mostly nomadic Mongols, together with some Chinese and some Russians

CHINESE YOUTH DEMONSTRATES OUTSIDE THE SOVIET CONSULATE IN SHANGHAI: Part of the great gathering which met to demand the immediate evacuation of Manchuria in accordance with the terms of the Sino-Russian Treaty of 1945. Similar demonstrations took place in many parts of China, and in Chungking the students were particularly vociferous in their demands

MR. MALCOLM MacDONALD SIGNS THE CANADIAN LOAN AGREEMENT: Britain's High Commissioner putting his signature to the document at Ottawa in the presence of Mr. Mackenzie King, the Canadian Prime Minister. Under the agreement, Canada will provide Britain with a credit of £281,000,000 repayable over 50 years, and bearing 2 per cent.



DESTROYING THE AMMUNITION DUMPS OF MALAYA: Members of a Japanese labour gang stacking shells in the open after bringing them from the caves of Kuala Lumpur, Malaya. Later they will be taken by road to ports on the west coast and dumped thirty fathoms or more below the Straits of Malacca. Since the Japanese surrender immense quantities of ammunition have been discovered, and most of it appears to have been stored in haphazard fashion

STILL TOO HOT TO EXPLORE—A VOLCANIC ISLAND ARISES FROM THE WATERS OF THE PACIFIC: It is only 75 ft. high and 600 ft. wide, but it is growing, and already the U.S. authorities in Tokyo are said to have laid claim to it. The new island was first sighted by British warships, its situation being given as 200 miles south of the Yokosuka naval base, off Honshu, Japan. It began to show above the sea about a month ago, the twin peaks breaking the surface at the same time. Black smoke and steam billow above it, and it trembles as fresh underwater convulsions occur. The island has not yet been "boarded," and until it is surveyed it will not be possible to say whether it is a permanent island, like Iwo-Jima, with its two neighbours, which are also volcanic islands, or whether it is a "raft" of molten lava, sulphur and volcanic cinders tossed to the surface. In the latter case it is almost certain to be broken up and dispersed by the action of the sea. On the other hand, if it is the summit of an active volcano, it will go on rising and spreading into a permanent island

A GEOLOGIC RARITY: Another aerial view of the new island, with its twin peaks, which has suddenly come to the surface 200 miles from the mainland of Japan

LORD AND LADY KEYNES IN AMERICA: Britain's financial wizard and his wife seen on arrival in New York on the *Queen Mary* when en route to Savannah, Georgia, for the Monetary Conference which opened on March 8. Lady Keynes, better known to the world as the ballet dancer Lydia Lopokova, seemed well prepared to defy New York's Arctic temperatures, and they have both no doubt found the winter climate of Georgia to their liking

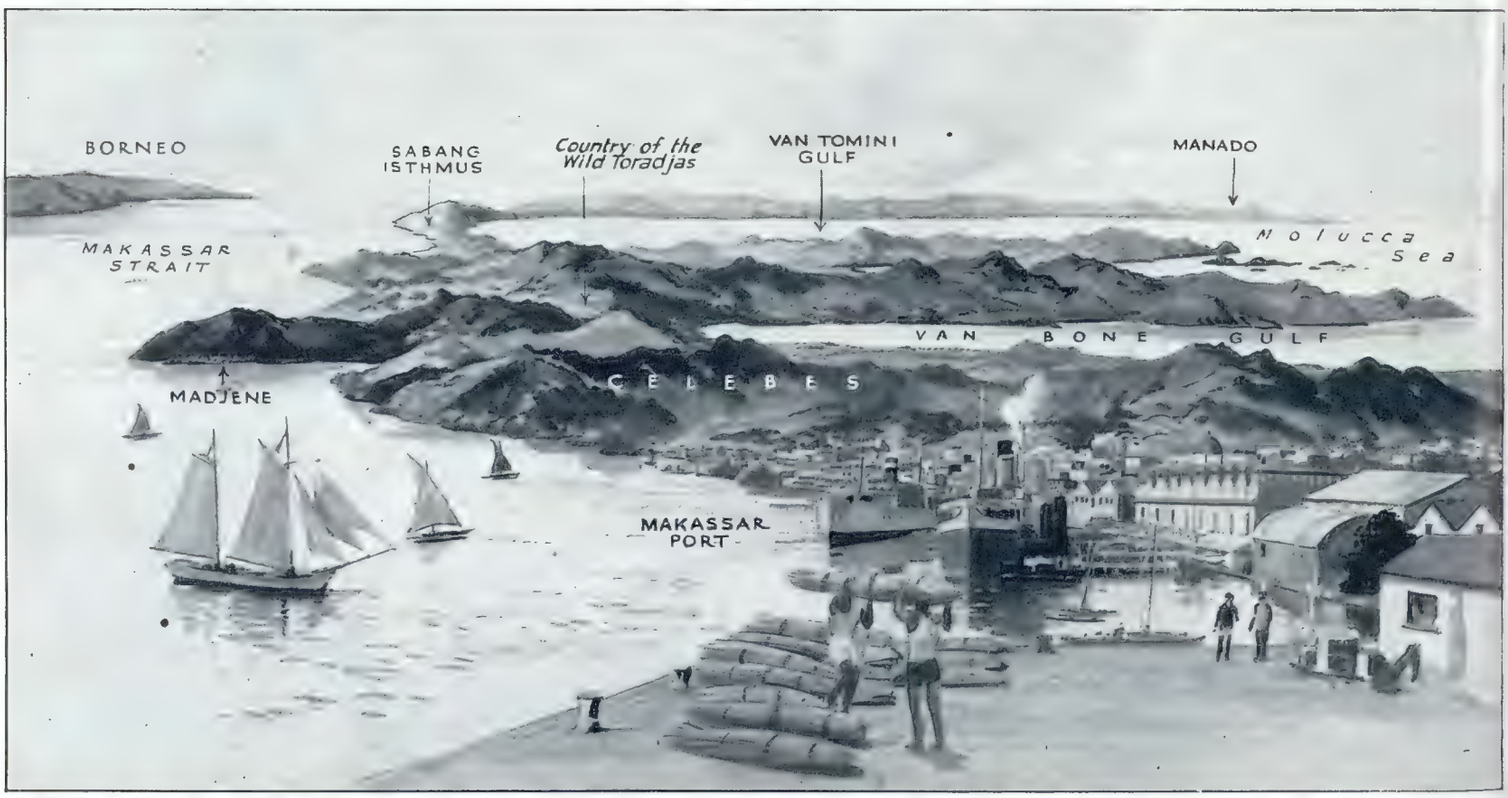
A HOLD-UP AT LA GUARDIA AIRPORT: Giant passenger planes immobilised on New York's great flying-field after six inches of snow had fallen during the night. Air traffic was only delayed for a total of six hours, however, the runways being soon swept clear of drifts. The covered way leading out to the field is a modern feature of the airport and one of special value in trying weather conditions

AMID THE MOUNTAINS OF CENTRAL CELEBES—THE RUGGED COUNTRY OF THE TORADJAS WHICH HAS REMAINED REMOTE FROM THE YEARS OF WAR: An artist's impression of the central area of this strangely-shaped island of the Netherlands East Indies. It is the home of the Toradjas, a friendly people with curious burial customs. One of their great cemeteries is in the massive cliff known as the Goenoeng Tindara. On the right is a Toradja village, including a granary on stilts, and beneath it a community club-house—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

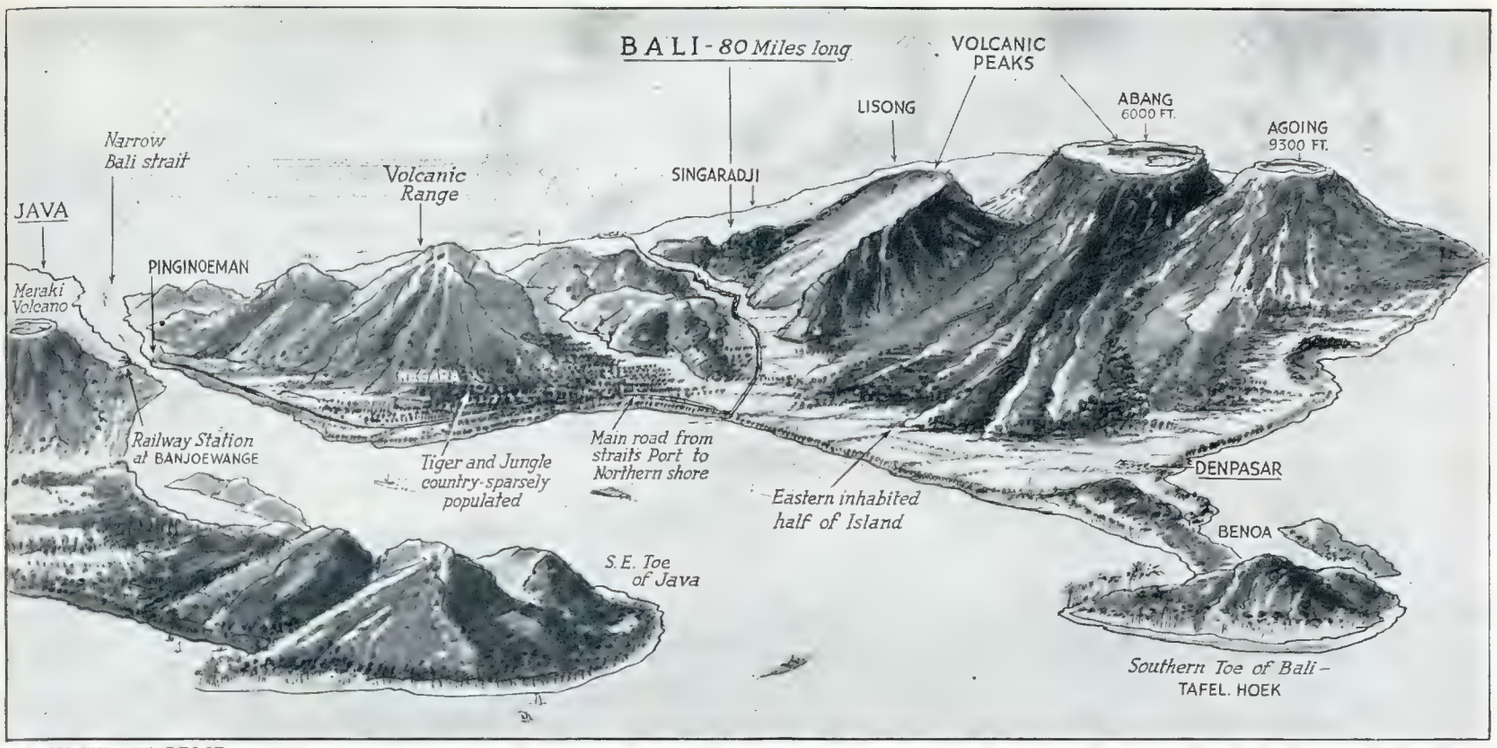
CELEBES and BALI

Two Islands of Indonesia which have Felt But Lightly the Hand of War

Since the close of hostilities in the Pacific, Australian troops have been in authority in Celebes, and they were recently relieved by members of the 80th Brigade, who will carry on the routine work of patrolling the island and maintaining order. There are large tracts of Celebes, however, where no occupying force would be likely to penetrate, and in the mountainous country of the interior it is safe to assume that the Toradja people pursue their age-old ways almost unaffected by all that has happened during the years of war. Although not wholly to be acquitted from the charge of head-hunting, which may possibly still persist in some areas, the Toradjas are not a hostile people towards Europeans. They dwell in a land of magnificent scenery, with a delightful climate. After the corrugated-iron roofs of Makassar, the long-roofed homes of the Toradjas, shaped like grounded war-canoes propped up on shore, are striking indeed. The projecting roof of each building is built up of many tiers of bamboo. The Toradjas are believers in cliff burial, and one of the most remarkable examples of a cliff cemetery is the Goenoeng Tindara, which rises spectacularly above the torrents of the usually rain-swollen Mata Allo River. Scaling these towering cliffs with the bodies of the dead is a feat of no mean athletic ability



IN BUSY MAKASSAR—THE CHIEF PORT OF THE CELEBES, WHICH IS NOW OCCUPIED BY BRITISH TROOPS: This island of the Dutch East Indies remained curiously remote from the war in the Pacific, but it came into the news recently when 2,000 Allied troops of the 80th Brigade landed there to take over the work of patrolling from the veteran 21st Australian Infantry Brigade. Celebes, like Bali, has not been deeply involved as yet in the Indonesian dispute, though its people are possibly less amenable to European authority than the Balinese. In the accompanying drawing rattan cane, raw material for so much summer furniture, is shown being brought to the quayside for export. Other fairly considerable exports from South Celebes are maize, cocoa and coffee—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*



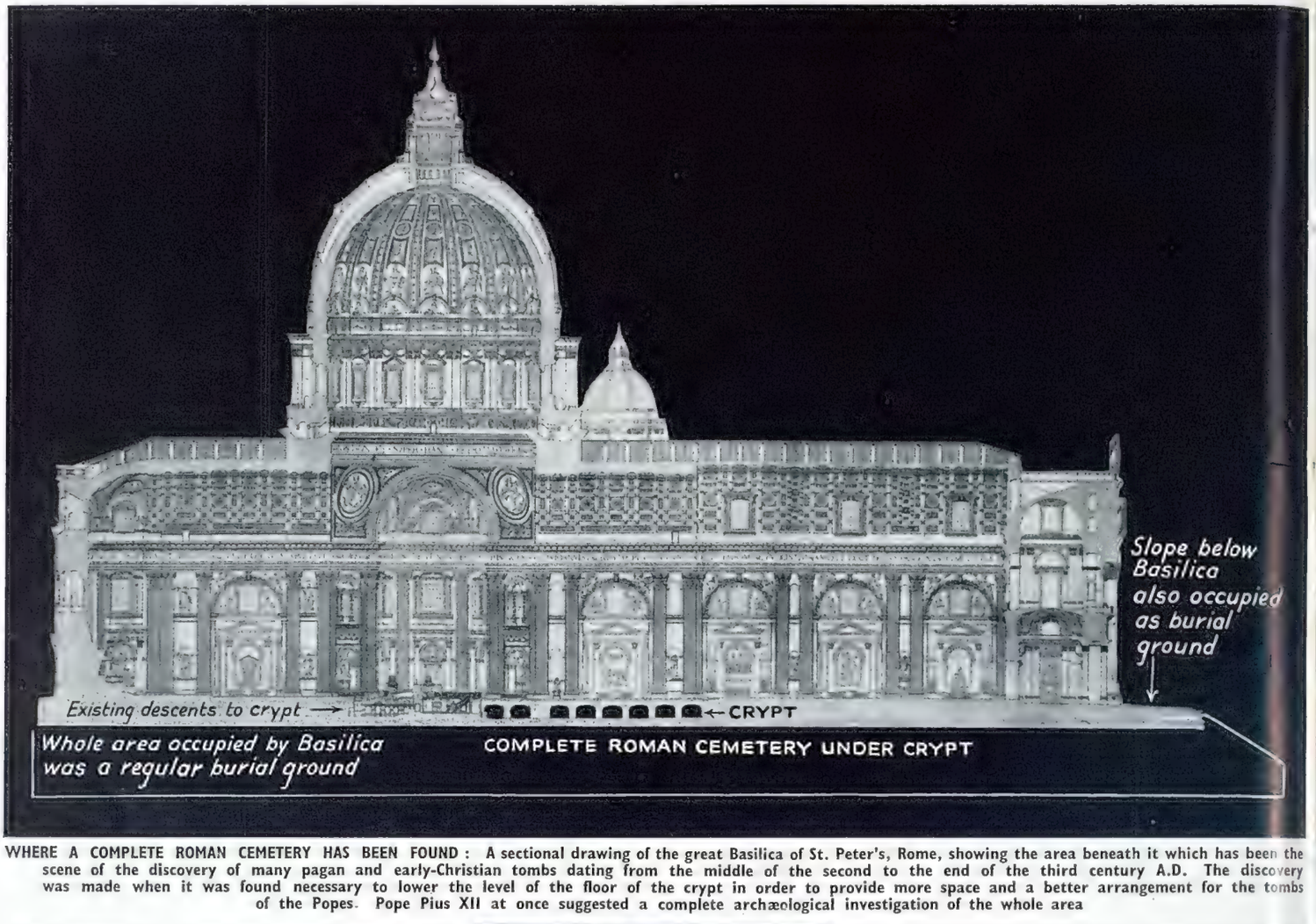
AN ISLAND OF PEACE—BALI WELCOMES THE ARRIVAL OF DUTCH TROOPS AND FETES THE OCCUPYING FORCE: A diagrammatic impression of the so-called "island paradise" lying just to the east of troubled Java. It was liberated on March 2 by an Allied force consisting of 2,600 Dutch troops carried in British naval landing-ships and escorted by a Dutch destroyer. The way for the landing was prepared by the arrival ten days in advance of a British Military Mission, which was welcomed and feted by the Balinese rajas and people—*Drawing by Percy Home*

THE DAUGHTERS OF SULTAN ANAK swing and sway to the wild, throbbing music of the gong orchestra at a Bali festival

Bali, the last major island but one of the Netherlands East Indies to be controlled by the Japanese, has now been liberated, and without a shot being fired. Dutch suzerainty has been restored, and the fear that the virus of revolt would spread across the Straits from neighbouring Java has fortunately not been justified, although the Javanese insurgents are known to have sent emissaries to Bali a few months ago in an endeavour to organise resistance to the Dutch. The arrival of the 2,600 Dutch troops was preceded by a British Military Mission headed by Lieut.-Colonel P. M. Kemp, a naval beach-master, and eighteen other ranks of the Buffs. The Mission was welcomed and feted by the Balinese, and the whole island presented an aspect of beauty and serenity, despite the years of Japanese occupation. The Balinese have always been friendly towards Europeans, and the knowledge that they will no longer have to be subservient to the Japanese, who forced them to cover their heads and bow from the waist, obviously delights them. When the British Mission landed, the Japanese garrison co-operated immediately, and the take-over of strategic points throughout the island was accomplished with the minimum of difficulty. The Allied force was commanded by Lieut.-Colonel ter Meulen, of the Netherlands Army

HARMONY IN THE DANCE: The daughters of Sultan Anak do one of the many dances characteristic of the island

BALI ITS OLD SELF AGAIN—THE DUTCH TAKE OVER AND LIFE RETURNS TO NORMAL: A typical village scene on the island after the landing of the 2,600 Dutch troops, who have now assumed control of the island and have not met with the difficulties they anticipated as a result of Japanese influences. Bali, formerly reputed to be "the last paradise on earth," retains all its charm. Its livestock and crops are sufficient for the population, and the only shortage is cloth. The smiling Balinese remain childlike and friendly towards Europeans, although the Japanese forced these proud people to cover their heads and bow from the waist when they passed—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*



WHERE A COMPLETE ROMAN CEMETERY HAS BEEN FOUND: A sectional drawing of the great Basilica of St. Peter's, Rome, showing the area beneath it which has been the scene of the discovery of many pagan and early-Christian tombs dating from the middle of the second to the end of the third century A.D. The discovery was made when it was found necessary to lower the level of the floor of the crypt in order to provide more space and a better arrangement for the tombs of the Popes. Pope Pius XII at once suggested a complete archæological investigation of the whole area

A COMPLETE ROMAN CEMETERY is Brought to Light BENEATH THE CRYPT OF ST. PETER'S

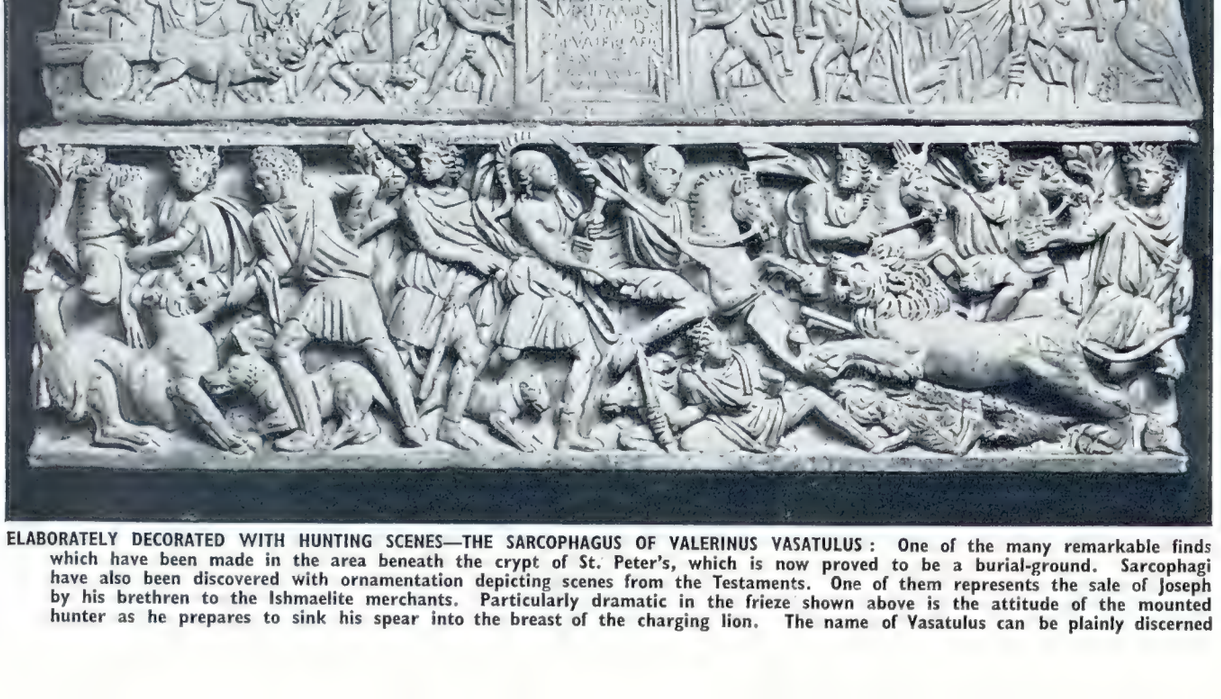
The discovery of a complete Roman cemetery, with pagan and early-Christian tombs dating from the second and third centuries A.D., which has been made beneath the Basilica of St. Peter's and has just been announced by the Vatican, is causing the liveliest interest in archæological circles.

It appears that during the summer of 1940 work was begun in the crypt of St. Peter's, known as the Old Grottoes, for the purpose of providing more space and a better arrangement for the tombs of the Popes and the various royal personages buried there. To this end it was necessary to lower the level of the floor of the crypt, and, while this was being done, an unsuspected Roman tomb monument was brought to light.

The Pope at once suggested an archæological investigation of the site, and as a result the complete Roman cemetery has been revealed. It is now known that the whole area beneath the Basilica and the slope below it was once a regular burial-ground, and not the site of the Circus which many believed it to be. The Circus probably lay just to the south of the Grottoes.

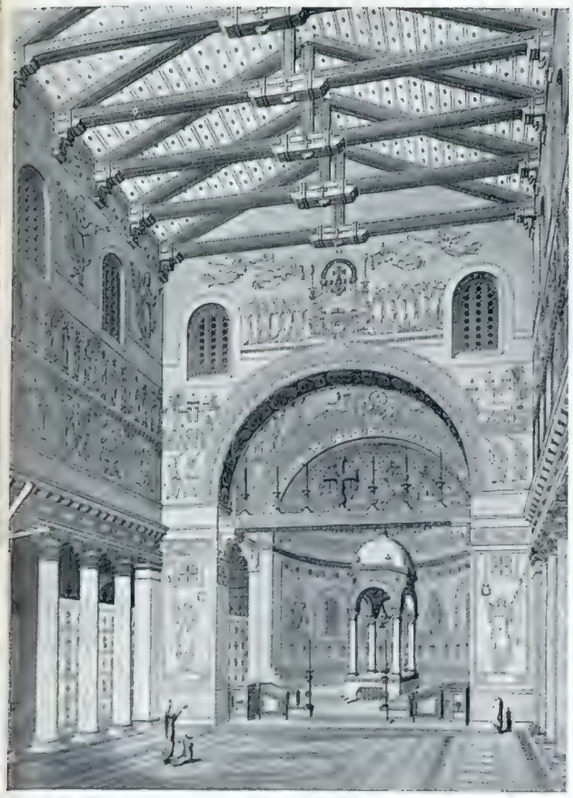
The cemetery comprises more than a dozen vaults, or mausoleums, arranged in two parallel lines separated by a narrow passage.

The façades of these burial-chambers were in part destroyed to make way for the foundations of the Basilica of Constantine, which was the first church to be built on the site. The first mausoleum, beginning from the east, is that of a certain C. Popilius Heracla, and the inscription over the entrance records that the dead man wished to be buried "in the Vatican near the Circus." One of the best preserved of the tombs belonged to Fannia Redempta, wife of Aurelius Hermes, a freedman of Diocletian and Maximian.



ELABORATELY DECORATED WITH HUNTING SCENES—THE SARCOPHAGUS OF VALERINUS VASATULUS: One of the many remarkable finds which have been made in the area beneath the crypt of St. Peter's, which is now proved to be a burial-ground. Sarcophagi have also been discovered with ornamentation depicting scenes from the Testaments. One of them represents the sale of Joseph by his brethren to the Ishmaelite merchants. Particularly dramatic in the frieze shown above is the attitude of the mounted hunter as he prepares to sink his spear into the breast of the charging lion. The name of Vasatulus can be plainly discerned

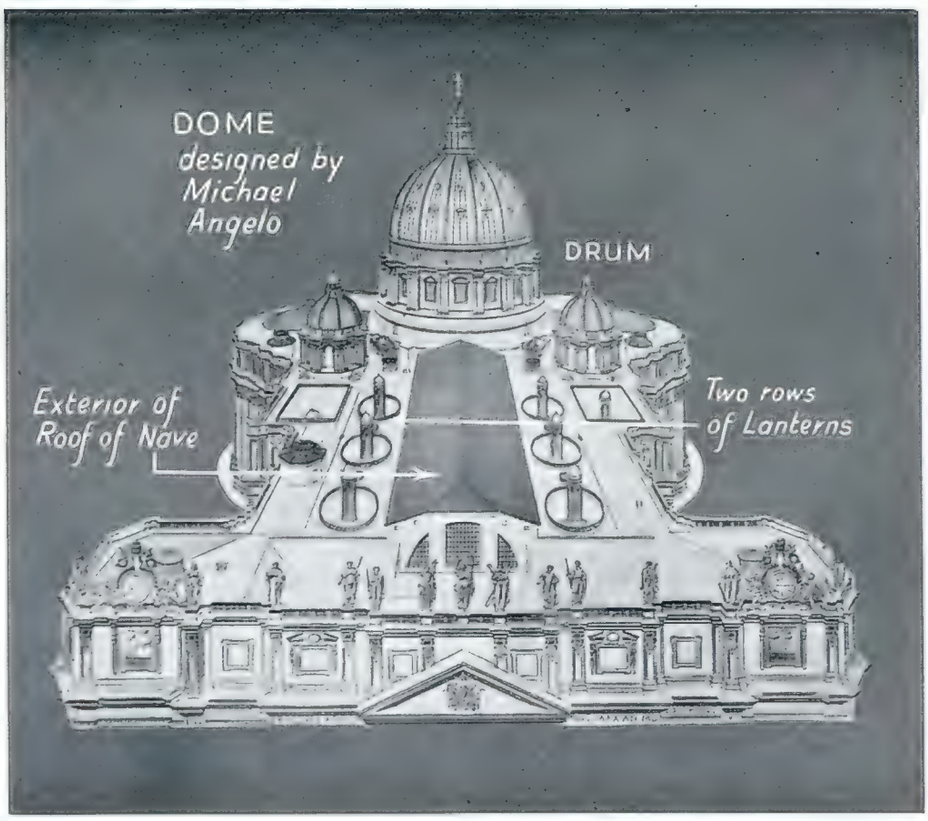
STUCCOES IN THE MAUSOLEUM O tombs found in the bur commemorated by rich sept was buried, her name bei over to reach water. The



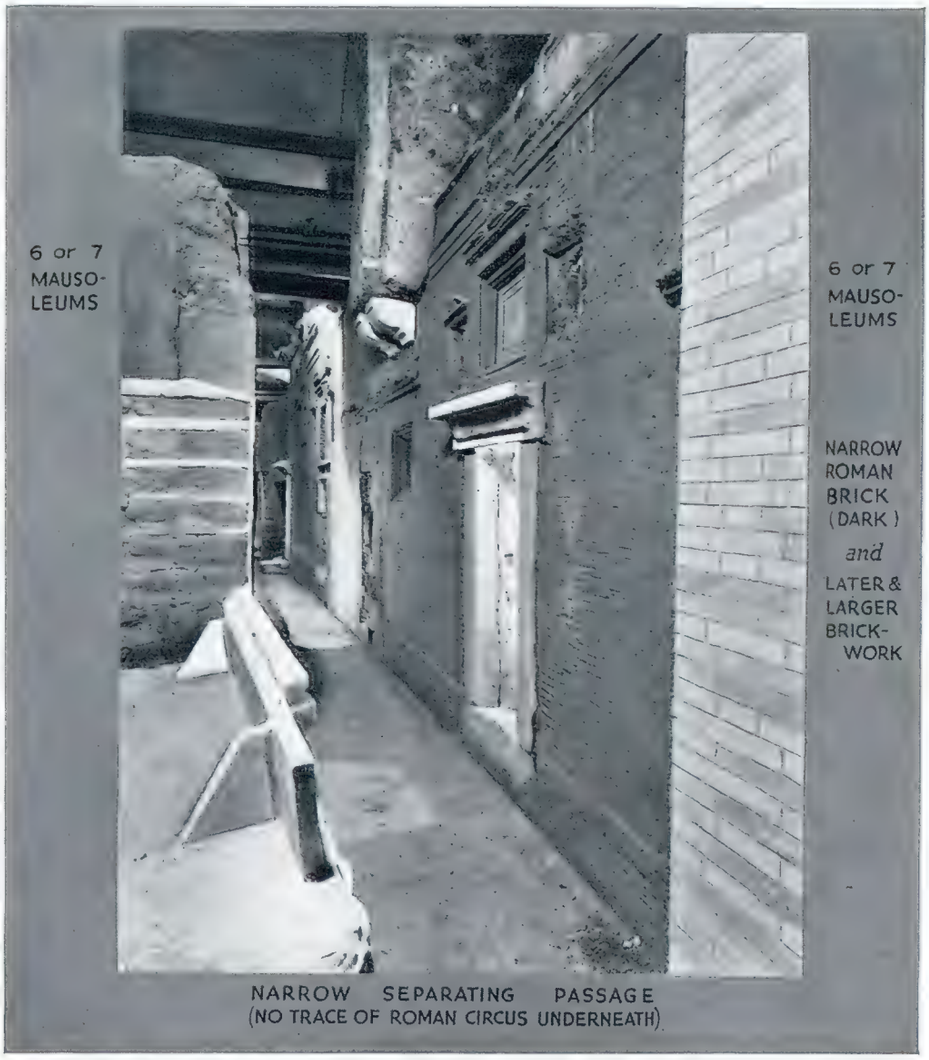
THE ANCIENT BASILICA OF CONSTANTINE : This famous building was torn down to make way for St. Peter's, but part of its foundations can still be seen to-day, and it can also be observed how these foundations disturbed some of the original tombs in the cemetery area beneath St. Peter's

THE CATHEDRAL AND ITS PIAZZA BOTH COVER THE SITE OF THE NEWLY-DISCOVERED ROMAN CEMETERY, which is now known to underly an area of vast extent upon the Vatican Hill

THE CAETENNII FAMILY : This is the most pretentious of the area beneath St. Peter's, and members of the family are ıral urns. Under the floor of this particular tomb a Christian woman Emilia Gorgonia. On her tombstone she is represented bending tuccoes are of the most elaborate kind and are well preserved



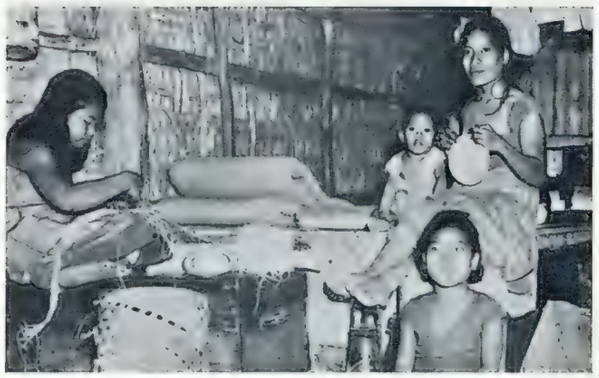
THE SUCCESSOR OF THE BASILICAN CHURCH—ST. PETER'S, ROME, AS IT IS TO-DAY : This great building, beneath which has been discovered the complete Roman cemetery, was built between 1506 and 1626, being the outcome of the work of many architects, under the direction of many Popes, during a period of 120 years. The Cathedral had its origin in the intention of Pope Julius II to erect a tomb-house for himself, and so it was that he ruthlessly tore down the Basilica of Constantine in order to erect such a monument that would enshrine all the magnificence that he himself associated with the Papal power, the Christian religion, and the Latin race



THE CEMETERY BENEATH THE CRYPT OF ST. PETER'S : Looking along one of the narrow passageways which are flanked with the newly-discovered mausoleums. It is probable that these tombs were known to authorities at St. Peter's in past centuries, but there has been no record of them ; their complete investigation has brought to light much of historical and archæological interest. There are more than a dozen separate vaults, and it is to be noted that the façades of many of them were destroyed to make way for the foundations of the Basilica of St. Constantine, the building which occupied the site before the erection of St. Peter's Basilica

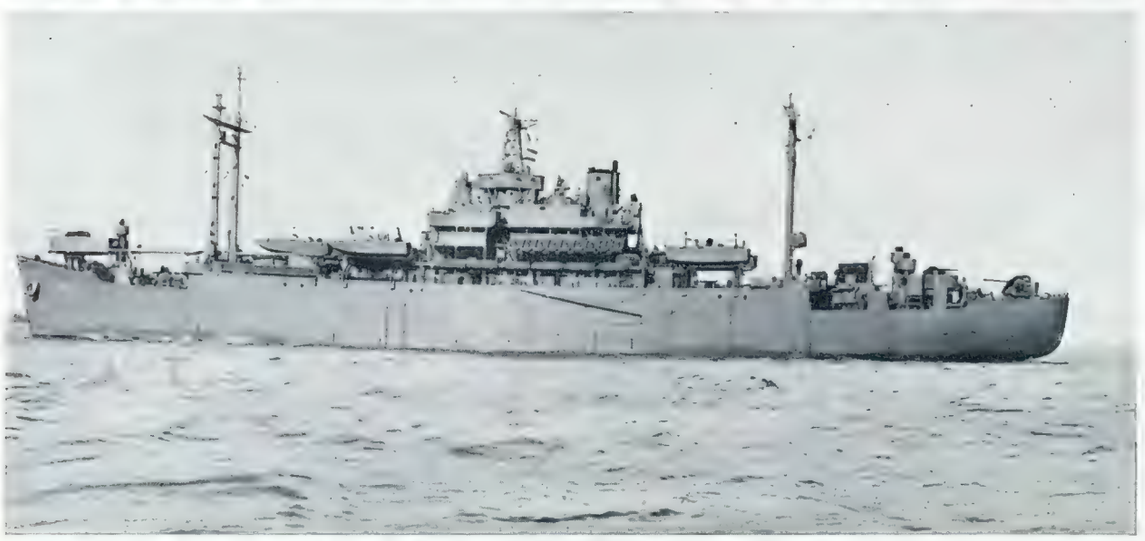
THE ATOM BOMB TESTS

Further Plans for the Coming "Operation Crossroads" at Bikini Atoll in mid-Pacific



ORDERS TO QUIT: Typical natives of Bikini Atoll who will be moved to a place of safety before the atomic-bomb tests take place at Bikini on May 1. These Alap natives are skilled in arts and crafts, as witness the table-mats and baskets they are seen making. The mattresses and the lamp are the results of successful bartering with visiting Americans. The islanders will probably not be moved any great distance, but will go to other atolls in the region of the Marshall group where living conditions are familiar

THE PALM-FRINGED SHORE OF BIKINI: An overhead impression of the beach at this Pacific atoll, where atomic bombs will be dropped on May 1 during the tests held by the United States Navy, the outcome of which will doubtless determine the whole future of capital ships. The atoll lies to the south-west of the Marshall Islands and 2,500 miles to the south-east of Japan, and for the purpose of the experiment a whole fleet of warships, including the Japanese battleship "Nagato" and the "Prinz Eugen," will be assembled near the lagoon. The experiment has come to be known as "Operation Crossroads"



THE FLOATING HEADQUARTERS FOR THE BOMB-OBSERVERS: The United States transport "Panamint," from which scientists, members of Congress and representatives of the United Nations will view the atomic tests on May 1, their ship being anchored about twenty miles from Bikini Atoll. Most of the observers will equip themselves with telescopes, and if the day is unclouded they will have a spectacular, grand-stand view

The forthcoming atomic-bomb tests at Bikini Atoll, in mid-Pacific, have been arousing the keenest argument in the American Press, and the Hearst newspapers have been busy rallying anti-vivisectionists to save the rats, goats, and pigs which are to be installed as "guinea-pig" crews in the doomed fleet.

Meanwhile, preparations for the tests proceed apace, and on these pages are shown some of the latest developments, including those relating to the radio control of Flying Fortresses, which will cruise over the area equipped with scientific recording apparatus. Twenty thousand officers and men will participate in the tests.

On islands surrounding Bikini cameras will be installed in steel towers for automatically recording what takes place.

PREPARING FOR MAY 1: From this jeep the Flying Fortress on the left was remote-controlled during its take-off and landing, and the rest of the time it was being directed by the same method by the mother-plane on the right. This experiment was tried out at Roswell, New Mexico, in order to test the equipment which will be used in the remote control of planes flying through the atomic-bomb clouds rising above Bikini Atoll

THE ROBOT RADIO EQUIPMENT THAT WILL CONTROL THE FLYING FORTRESSES CRUISING OVER BIKINI: Brig.-General Ramey, Major D. H. Whittaker, Colonel Allness and Rear-Admiral Sprague grouped round the switchboard which will be used for the remote control of the planes used in the atom-bomb tests. These planes will fly right through the cloud of smoke rising above the atoll, and delicate instruments installed within the planes will record the atmospheric and meteorological conditions

TWENTY MILES FROM BIKINI ATOLL—WATCHING "OPERATION CROSSROADS" BY TELEVISION: From the U.S. cruiser (left) and the Press ship (right) it is hoped to gain a televised view of exactly what happens when the atomic bomb explodes amid the assembled "guinea-pig" fleet. Two transmitters are being set up on the atoll, and the receiving ships will be about twenty miles away. It is not certain whether this aspect of the experiment will prove a success, and much depends upon the manner in which the television cameras are placed in relation to the blast. All the vital records will be obtained from cameras installed on neighbouring atolls. In addition, radio-controlled planes flying across the bombed area will also be fitted with automatic cameras—*Drawing by R. Johnston*

TO PLAY A VITAL PART IN THE BIKINI TESTS—THE UNITED STATES AIRCRAFT-CARRIER "SHANGRI-LA" AT HER MOORINGS AT NORFOLK, VIRGINIA, BEFORE LEAVING FOR THE PACIFIC: From the deck of the "Shangri-La" radio-controlled planes will take off during the course of the atomic-bomb tests, and once they are airborne mother-planes will pick them up and guide them through the cloud of smoke as it arises from the bombed fleet assembled at Bikini. Later, the planes, having completed their mission, will be brought back to the "Shangri-La," and she will land them on her decks with her own remote-control apparatus. The "Shangri-La" is a carrier of the Essex type, being a sister-ship of the "Franklin" and the "Yorktown," and she belongs to a class that played a vital part in the culminating phases of the Pacific war

THE PRESERVATION OF OLD ST. ALBANS : The Fleur de Lys Inn and old houses in French Row which are to be maintained in perpetuity by the City Council under the Town and Country Planning Acts. The inn acquired its name from the fact that in a previous building on the site King John of France was held captive after the Battle of Poitiers in 1356. The King was captured by the Black Prince and, the States General finding difficulty in raising sufficient for his ransom, he remained in this country until after the Treaty of Bretigny in 1360

SWIFT WORK IN THE HAYMARKET : The street is closed to traffic for twenty-four hours while its row of air-raid shelters is demolished. The scene in the Haymarket, in the heart of London's theatreland, as mechanical grabs removed the rubble. The shelters were demolished by the specially-improvised crane known as "the Basher," which operates by repeatedly pounding down on to the shelters a two-ton concrete weight. The shelters are soon reduced to a heap of rubble, and much time and labour with pick and shovel is thereby avoided. Some local authorities in London have deprecated the use of "the Basher," and claim that it is liable to affect the drainage system

HOME NEWS

Preserving Old St. Albans ; Demolishing London's Shelters ; Picturesque Ceremonial at Epping and Guernsey ; Housing Frame-up at Denham ; A Royal Marine V.C.

ELECTING THE VERDERERS OF EPPING FOREST : The Common Serjeant of the City of London (standing on right) calling on Colonel E. N. Buxton to speak after he had been elected one of the verderers in accordance with ancient custom. The meeting was held in Queen Elizabeth's Lodge, Epping Forest, and the Common Serjeant, Mr. Hugh Beazley, acted as returning officer. In Queen Elizabeth's day the Lodge was used as a grandstand from which members of the Court would watch the game driven by the keepers. Epping is a relic of the royal hunting-ground of Waltham Forest

SWEARING-IN THE NEW BAILIFF OF THE ROYAL COURT OF GUERNSEY : A picturesque ceremony in the Channel Islands. The Bailiff-Designate, Major Ambrose Sherwill, is seen standing at the Bar of the Court before the reading of the Royal Warrant of Appointment. Presiding is Judge-Delegate Sir Abraham Laine, and seated on his right is His Excellency Lieut.-General Philip Neame, V.C., the Lieutenant-Governor of Guernsey. The Bailiff is the second most important official in the island

THE F.A. COUNCIL MEETS : The draw in London for the semi-final round of the Football Association Cup. Mr. Brookhirst, the Chairman, makes the draw, and Mr. Stanley Rous (left) records the verdict. Mr. Rous has been very busy during the past fortnight considering the problems arising from the Bolton disaster in which thirty-three people lost their lives after the barriers had been rushed by the crowd. The F.A. will be discussing the matter fully at their next big meeting on April 5

BOLTON WILL PLAY CHARLTON, AND DERBY WILL PLAY BIRMINGHAM : Mr. Stanley Rous, secretary of the Football Association, leans across to the Chairman, Mr. Brookhirst, and gives him the draw for the semi-final round of the Cup with the details of the chosen grounds. Since the Bolton disaster the question of grounds has had to be given very special consideration, every effort being made to avoid places where a disappointed crowd might defy the police and rush the barriers. The F.A. Association is not believed to be contemplating any emergency legislation to deal with the question

DUTCH WAR CHIEF WEDS : Lieut.-General Hendrik Johan Kruls, Chief of the Dutch General Staff, seen with his bride during their marriage at Caxton Hall. She is thirty-five years old and Dutch-born, and was formerly married to Leading Aircraftman James Rowland, who died of wounds in a Japanese prison camp. Rowland was a personal friend of General Kruls

THE ASCOT OF STEEPLECHASING : The National Hunt Meeting attracts big crowds to Prestbury Park, Cheltenham. Racegoers thronging the paddock before the National Hunt Handicap Steeplechase on the first day of the meeting, which was held in perfect conditions for spectators and entrants. This race was won by Miss Dorothy Paget's Dunshaughlin, and this popular owner had other triumphs in the Champion Hurdle, with Distel, and in the Grand Annual Steeplechase, with Loyal King. The Gold Cup was won by Prince Regent

FRAME-UP AT DENHAM—THE LIGHTER SIDE OF BRITAIN'S HOUSING QUESTION : A first glance at the row of houses (*on left*) in the village of Denham, Bucks, and a visitor might be excused if he demanded why the Government was not getting on with their repair, and why such fine places have been allowed to go to rack and ruin when Britain is so badly in need of accommodation. A second glance, and the visitor will begin to suspect something; while if he walks round the back of the deserted row he will find these seemingly sturdy residences are quite unfit for human habitation, as they consist of false fronts supported by tubular scaffolding. They were built as a film set by one of the big companies using Denham, and were probably rushed up at a speed that would have aroused the envy of Mr. Bevan. Their only use to-day is to provide a modicum of protection for those vehicles occupying the studio car-park

THE DUKE OF LEINSTER WEDS AGAIN : Leaving Marylebone Registry Office with his bride, Mrs. Jessie Denise Wessel, formerly Lady Churston, and at one time known as the musical comedy star Denise Orme. They have each been married twice, the Duke in 1913 to the late Miss May Etheridge, and again in 1932 to Mrs. Rafaele van Neck, an American citizen, who was granted a divorce last month. The new Duchess of Leinster married the third Lord Churston in 1907, and she married Mr. Theodore Wessel in 1928, obtaining a divorce in Tahiti six years later. She is the mother of the present Lord Churston, Princess Aly Khan, Countess Cadogan, Baroness Ebury, Mrs. I. A. de H. Lyle and the Hon. J. R. H. Yarde Buller

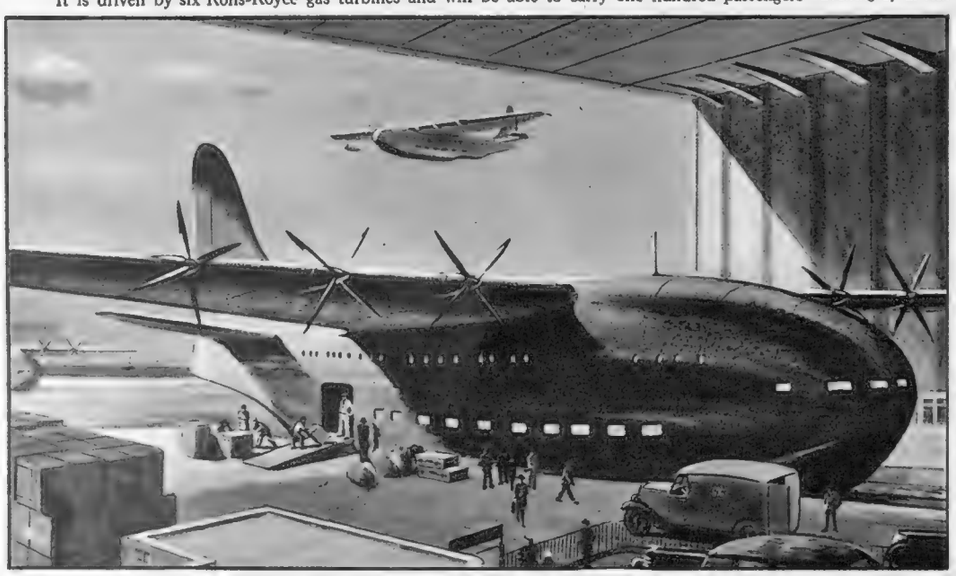
THE BISHOP OF CREDITON UNVEILS A WAR MEMORIAL TO CAPTAIN HUNTER, THE ONLY ROYAL MARINE VICTORIA CROSS OF THE 1939-45 WAR : The scene at the Royal Marine Depot, Lympstone, Devon, as the Bishop conducted the service and dedicated the bell in Hunter's honour. It was at Lympstone that Hunter did his training in 1942, and it was in April 1945, when he had joined the 43rd Royal Marine Commandos, that he gave his life in order to save his troop during an attack in the Italian campaign. Drawn up round the barrack-square were units of the Royal Marines and their band

WATER-DROMES of the FUTURE

And Other News of Aerial Developments

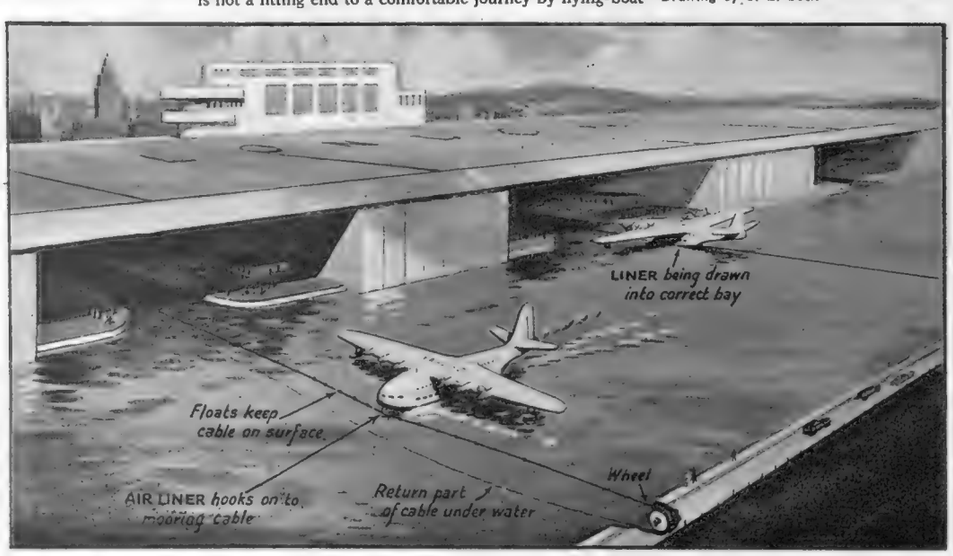
THE 100-SEATER FLYING-BOAT IS NOW A PRACTICAL POSSIBILITY: An artist's impression of the new Atlantic type, produced by Saunders-Roe, which could be made available for service by 1948. It is driven by six Rolls-Royce gas turbines and will be able to carry one hundred passengers—*Drawing by L. Fish*

On left—A flying-boat service for the Atlantic route is being widely advocated these days, and special interest attaches to the latest design produced by the firm of Saunders-Roe. This machine, which will probably be available for service in 1948, would be able to carry 100 passengers at a cruising speed of 300 m.p.h. on the 3,600-mile non-stop run to New York. Six gas turbines are to be used in this boat to drive tractor airscrews in the usual way, and they are to be set like ordinary aero engines on the leading edge of the high wing, three on each side of the hull. Sleeping berths for those passengers willing to pay the extra charge are provided in cabins similar to those in ships. The others will make the voyage in reclining chairs, an arrangement that could be regarded as satisfactory on a voyage not exceeding fourteen hours on the westward run and ten hours on the homeward trip



DIRECT DISEMBARKATION WITHIN THE SHELTER OF A COVERED DOCK: This is the idea now being advocated by Saunders-Roe, the flying-boat pioneers, who rightly claim that disembarkation into a small craft in choppy water is not a fitting end to a comfortable journey by flying-boat—*Drawing by S. E. Beck*

Below on left—To enjoy an Atlantic voyage in luxury and then to disembark from the comfortable flying-boat in a small craft in choppy water is anti-climax indeed, and it is the sort of thing passengers in British flying-boats may have to put up with, unless we show more imagination in the construction of our Atlantic termini. Messrs. Saunders-Roe are taking a keen interest in this question, and the special drawings on this page illustrate their highly-developed plans for the waterdrome, providing direct disembarkation and all the services of a well-run railway station. When the flying-boat comes to rest, they argue, it is a simple matter to hook on to a pilot line and for the machine to be drawn into a great, covered dock, where the discharging of passengers and cargo can be done with comfort and efficiency



THE FLYING-BOAT REACHES THE WATERDROME: Instead of disembarking the passengers by boat, the great ship picks up the cable stretched before it and, being hooked on, is manœuvred into the shelter of the covered dock, there to discharge its passengers and cargo with the minimum of difficulty—*Drawing by S. E. Beck*

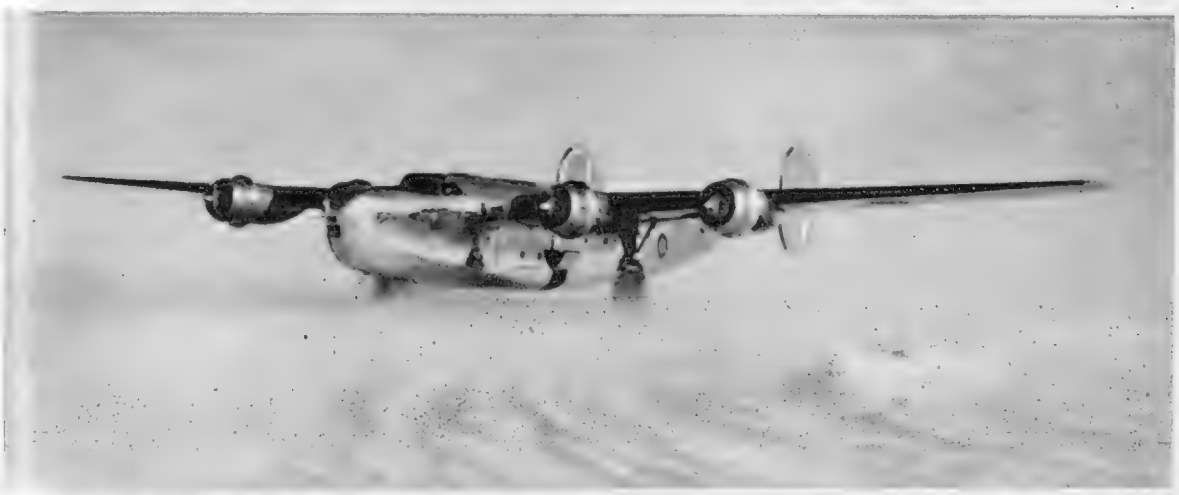
THE PARACHUTE EXPRESS: American jewellers perfect a system of high-speed delivery. A dramatic action-picture taken as a parcel of silverware was released from a trans-continental plane by parachute and descended on to a New York airfield. On releasing its cargo the machine gained altitude, and continued on to the next city, where it had deliveries to make. This non-stop coast-to-coast service is being operated by a group of big jewellers in the United States, and they find that it saves them both time and money, and also brings them considerably increased business. Ex-Army pilots operate the planes. The parachutes are described as belonging to the non-oscillating baseball type

THE BRISTOL FREIGHTER—A PIONEER IN THE FIELD OF COMMERCIAL AVIATION: Economical flying is the keynote of this high-wing monoplane, which can carry 4½ tons of freight at an operating cost of just over 3s. per mile. There is also a passenger version called the Wayfarer, and this can take forty passengers at a cost of 1½d. per passenger mile. Ease of maintenance is an important factor, and the machine is ideally suited for the development of short inland services. It is powered by two Bristol Hercules 131 engines of 1,675 horse-power. The rounded nose, with the pilot's cockpit above, is a characteristic feature, as also are the square-cut wing and tail unit extremities

FLYING UNDER ARCTIC CONDITIONS

ON THE LAST LAP: A Liberator of the British Overseas Airways Corporation flying over the snow-covered landscape on approaching Montreal at the end of its long journey from Prestwick Airport, Scotland

ALL ABOARD DESPITE THE BLIZZARD: Passengers embarking in a Liberator on the snow-bound airfield at Montreal before taking off for Scotland. It is surprising how seldom weather conditions hold up this service



TAKING OFF IN A BLIZZARD—A LIBERATOR OF THE BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION TAXIES TO THE RUNWAY AT DORVAL: The great machine seen before taking off on one of its regular trans-Atlantic flights to Prestwick airport, Scotland. It is often a matter for astonishment how these machines continue their regular service in the face of Arctic conditions, and at a time when cargo vessels and liners are quite often frozen immovable in the ports of the St. Lawrence

Although we occasionally read tales of airliners being compelled to turn back on account of weather conditions ahead of them, it is truly astonishing what regular services are now being maintained across the Atlantic, and perhaps the most consistent of these is the B.O.A.C. service between Prestwick, Scotland, and Dorval, Montreal, which is operated by the Liberators. While North Atlantic ports are icebound, with cargo vessels and liners immovable at their quays, the Liberators often take off from snow-covered fields in Canada and fight their way across skies heavy with blizzards. Passengers themselves feel nothing of winter's icy grip, and in their well-heated, soundproof cabins, with stewards to serve snacks and hot drinks, they enjoy hotel comfort while riding over a bleak, forbidding world. Hold-ups sometimes occur when drifts collect on the runways, but these can usually be cleared in the matter of a few hours

MR. LINCOLN TELLS HIS WIFE THE NEWS THAT HE HAS BEEN NOMINATED FOR THE PRESIDENCY: The Japanese players Kawarasaki and Shizue in the Tokyo version of John Drinkwater's *Abraham Lincoln*, which is now playing to packed houses at the Imperial Theatre in Tokyo

MAKING-UP FOR THE PART OF LINCOLN: Kawarasaki applying heavy make-up to his eyes when preparing for his nightly performance as the martyred President

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN" IN JAPAN

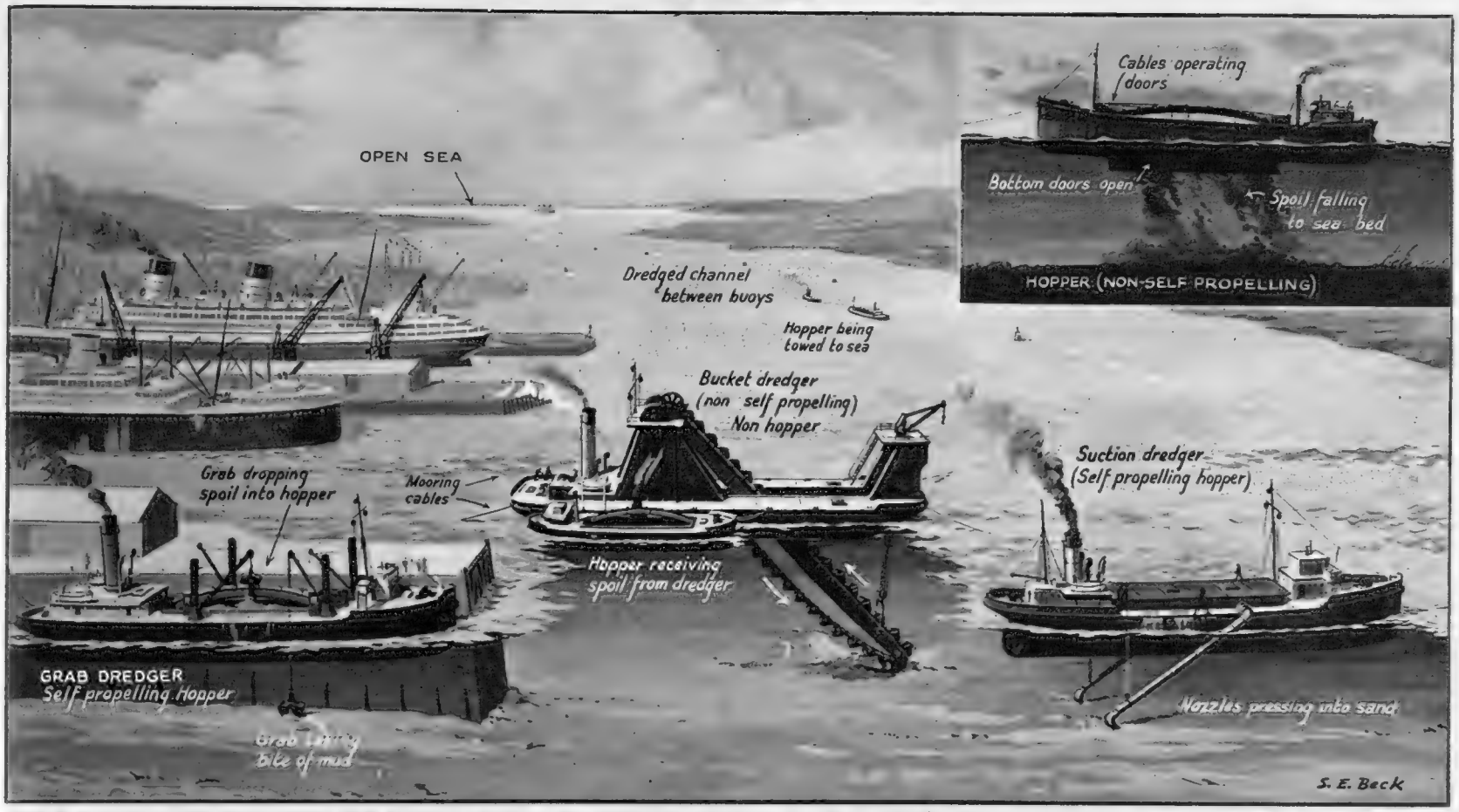
Japanese Players Give Their Version of John Drinkwater's Play

John Drinkwater's dramatisation of the life of Abraham Lincoln has always made a strong appeal to theatregoers in the West, and now it appears to be exercising an equal fascination in Japan, where large audiences are flocking nightly to Tokyo's Imperial Theatre to see the great American democrat in the midst of his struggle to preserve the American Union. The actors have many handicaps to overcome, not the least being those of stature and speech, but they succeed, if it is largely by reason of their obvious sincerity and understanding.

LINCOLN AND HIS SECRETARY OF STATE DISCUSS THE PROGRESS OF THE CIVIL WAR: Another scene from the Japanese version of John Drinkwater's play. The President has just heard the news of the northern victory at Sharpsburg and has decided to issue his vital proclamation on slavery

THE CHAMPION OF DEMOCRACY: The Japanese actor Kawarasaki in the title-role of *Abraham Lincoln*, at the Imperial Theatre, Tokyo. Although he lacks the stature for the part, he invests it with much sincerity

A CREDITABLE ATTEMPT TO DUPLICATE THE APPEARANCE OF LINCOLN: Kawarasaki in his dressing-room at the Imperial Theatre, Tokyo, with the celebrated portrait of the President from which he does his nightly make-up



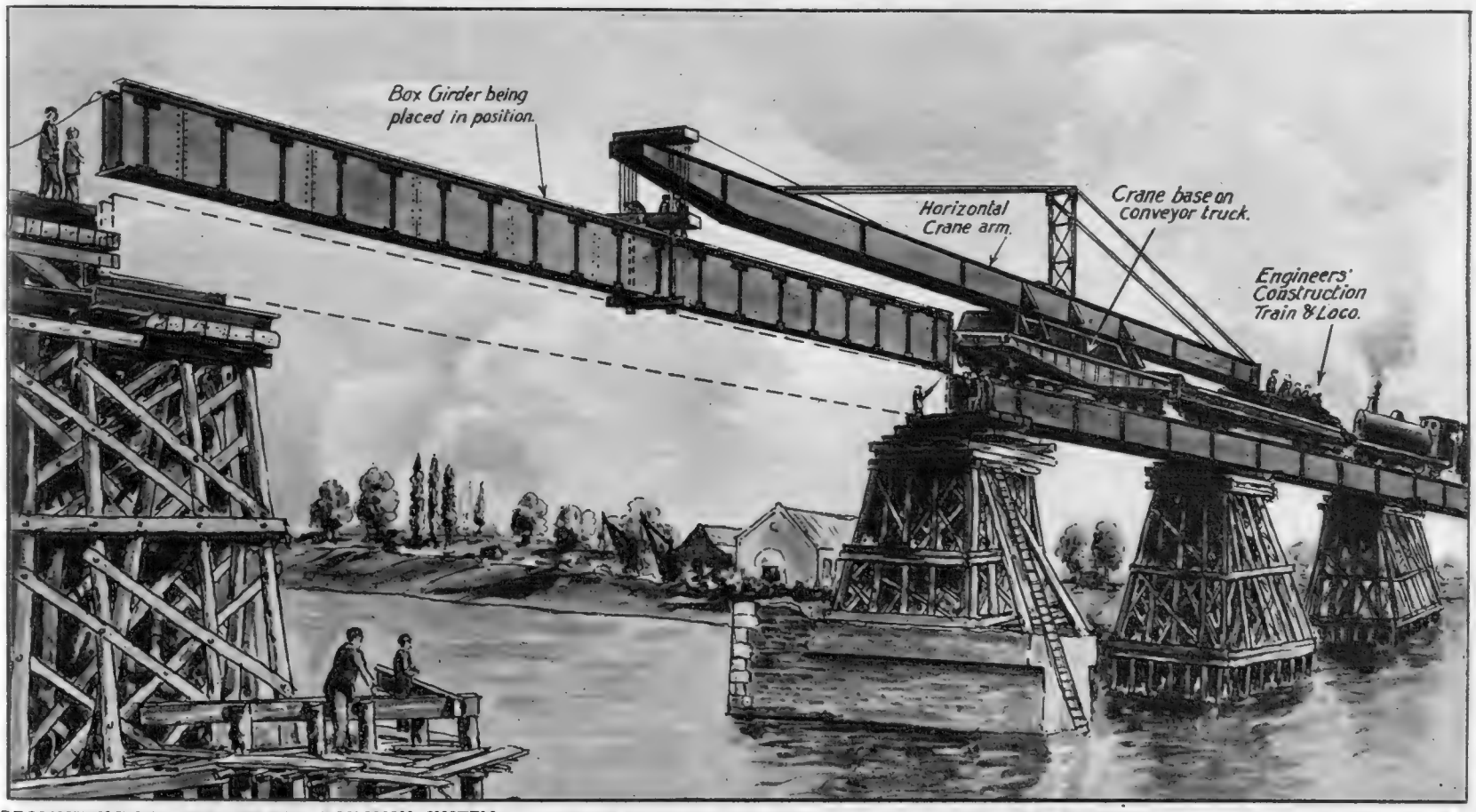
OPENING THE WAY TO A GREAT PORT—BUCKET, GRAB AND SUCTION DREDGERS AT WORK: A diagrammatic drawing showing types of equipment used for keeping our harbours clear. Inset at top—A satellite vessel emptying the dredged material on to the sea-bed—*Drawing by S. E. Beck*

DREDGING BRITAIN'S HARBOURS

The approaches from seaward to most of Britain's great ports, which are so vital to our overseas trade, would soon become silted-up if it were not for constant dredging. The really big ships would not be able to dock in London, Liverpool, Southampton or the Clyde but for an artificially-deepened channel. During the war years port authorities have had to reduce dredging to the minimum, because many of their dredgers have been employed on special work connected with invasion operations, and deepening little out-of-the-way harbours and rivers which have been used as emergency bases for naval vessels, or in which these craft have been building. Now, with the return to normal conditions, large-scale dredging operations are in progress to enable the big ports to cope satisfactorily with peacetime traffic. The dredger is a highly-specialised vessel, of which there are several different types. In this country, bucket, grab and suction dredgers are the three most common. The material that is dredged, called "spoil"—usually mud, gravel, clay or sand—nearly always has to be transported a considerable distance for dumping at sea. For this purpose separate craft, called hoppers, are used, or the hopper may be incorporated in the hull of the dredger itself.

The bucket, or ladder, dredger illustrated is of the non-hopper, non-self-propelling type. She has to be towed into position for dredging, and is secured by long mooring cables.

Suction dredgers are, in effect, huge water vacuum cleaners. The grab dredger varies greatly in size from a small barge hull with one crane, to a large, specially-constructed vessel with perhaps half a dozen, and hopper built in as well. Grab dredgers are particularly handy where only a small amount of spoil has to be dredged, and for working against quaysides.



RECONSTRUCTING THE FRENCH RAILWAY SYSTEM—A NOVEL CRANE USED FOR BRINGING A BOX-GIRDER INTO POSITION: Spanning the Seine at Choisy-le-Roi, where a temporary bridge is being constructed to carry the traffic—*Drawing by Edwin H. Judd*

REBRIDGING THE SEINE

As a result of the activities of the Royal Air Force, which, with the approach of D-Day, systematically bombed every road and rail bridge in northern, central and southern France, the country witnessed in 1944 the retreat of the German armies, but at the same time it was left a legacy of chaos with which it will take many years to deal. Work, however, is going ahead on the reconstruction of the French railway system, and the temporary bridge under construction at Choisy-le-Roi, on the Seine, is typical of many. The method of fixing the centre girder is of some special interest. "My conception of the operation," writes an engineer, "is that the crane will first lift the girder from the works close alongside the track, then slew it round close to and almost parallel with the track, so reducing the big overhang of weight. Then it will travel slowly along the track—possibly pushed by the loco if the crane itself has not got travelling gear—until it is at the end. It will then slew the girder round further until it is in line with its resting position, and carefully lower it into place. Ropes are attached at each end for pulling the girder round into line, as it cannot be expected to adjust itself into position. The dotted line shows the girder in its final position. The base of the crane and conveyor truck are very massive and weighty."

WHERE VICTORIAN VARIETY FLOURISHES

The Players' Theatre, One of the Particular Bright Spots of London's Show Business

By CHARLES GRAVES

THE Players' Theatre is one of the real romances of show business. Founded by a dying man on half-a-crown, it is now entering its tenth and most successful year of existence. Ironically enough, however, the original purpose for which it was formed—the production of actual plays—was never a real success, and it was its side-line of Victorian Variety which proved to be the chief attraction.

These variety shows originally began at 11.30 p.m. except on Tuesdays and Fridays, when they were staged as late as 1.30 a.m. Right from the start the Player's Theatre, then in King Street, Covent Garden, became the Caledonian Market of show business. This is where talent scouts from English and American studios, variety agents, stage producers, revue authors and film directors came "shopping" for future stars and starlets.

In those early days the management was unable to pay anything at all for the actors and actresses who appeared on its boards. But their acceptance of the situation was sensible as well as philosophic. Understudies who never had a chance of taking over the lead, artistes who found themselves being "typed," gladly took the opportunity of showing what they could do, particularly in comedy. Thanks to the Players' Theatre, otherwise known as Ridgeway's Late Joys, many actors, actresses and even directors got their first real chance. Bernard Miles is a good case in point. Barbara Mullen is another. Alec Clunes, Peter Ustinov, Richard Haydn, Frith Banbury and Robert Eddison are others. Among the young actresses who owed so much to the Players' Theatre are Patricia Hayes, Joan Sterndale-Bennett, Lily Kann, Therese Langfield, Gabrielle Brune, Nuna Davey and Joanna Horder. Strangely enough Archie Harradine, for so long the resident character comedian, has only recently decided to try his luck elsewhere.

Many SPHERE readers must either have been to the Players' Theatre or have heard its performances broadcast in Variety Band-Box, but for those who have missed both these pleasures, it must be explained that the unique character of the Late Joys is provided by the presence of the "Chairman," who, dressed in Victorian finery, jollies the audience along, comperes each act, exchanges badinage with all and sundry, and announces the various intervals for further drink and refreshment.

The permanent Chairman is Leonard Sachs, who has been associated with the Players' Theatre since its foundation. He himself is a considerable actor and has an uncanny gift for handling audiences to make them give of their best in the various choruses which are sung during the evening. Leonard Sachs is also joint producer with Don Gemmell. He takes the fortnightly auditions and has to tell a "new" story after each performance.

He can recall when the waiters were actors and other friends stage-managed, sold tickets, hung hats and coats, cooked, served, and sang the choruses. Indeed, at the Players' Theatre variety has always been the literal keynote of the evening, and the staff is at least as versatile as the artistes. Reginald Woolley, who spread the sandwiches in the snack bar, also painted the gas brackets and decorated the "ante-saloon" with Victoriana. The young lady who served your beer might also move you in a Tchaikowsky ballet; a programme-seller suddenly became principal boy; and when, at the same time of crisis, Dick Whittington's Cat was called up, the box-office directrice at once got into the skin of the part.

To-day, the artistes are paid what Leonard Sachs describes proudly as a living wage, and he hints that even this stipend is to be raised.

For some weeks now the Players' Theatre has been housed in what was originally Gatti's Music Hall in Villiers Street, near Charing Cross Underground Station. During the five years of war it was in a cellar in Albemarle Street, formerly Uncle's, having been forcibly moved from Covent Garden owing to the risk of the blitz. This is the first time that the Players' Theatre has really had a real theatre in which to perform, but the seats have been arranged in such a way that it is possible for nearly everybody to drink and eat their sandwiches or hamburgers while listening to the programme, which begins at 9 p.m. and continues with two intermissions until 11 p.m.

With negligible exceptions, all songs sung at the Late Joys are pre-1900, and breathe the very essence of the solid, sentimental, occasionally cruel, occasionally bawdy, patriotic, cheerful, witty music-hall public of Victorian times. Many old-stagers will enjoy being reminded of their youthful favourites. Patriotism is well expressed by "The English-Speaking Race"—

We 're brothers of the self-same race,
Speakers of the self-same tongue,
With the same brave hearts that feel no fears
From fighting sires of a thousand years:
Folks say: What will Britain do?
Will she rest with banners furled?
No, no, no, when we go to meet the foe,
It 's the English-speaking Race against the world.

And also "Sons of the Sea"—

Sons of the sea, all British born,
Sailing every ocean, laughing foes to scorn,
They may build their ships, my lads, and think they know the game,
But they can't build the boys of the bulldog breed
Who made old England's name.

HE HAS AN UNCANNY GIFT FOR HANDLING AUDIENCES: Clad in Victorian finery, Leonard Sachs comperes the acts at the Players' Theatre, exchanges badinage with all and sundry, and announces the various intervals for further drink and refreshment. Mr. Sachs is also joint-producer at this theatre, and he takes the fortnightly auditions which are often productive of much new talent

Good examples of satire are "The City Toff"—

He wears a penny flower in his coat,
Lardy dah!
And a penny paper collar round his throat,
Lardy dah!
In his hand a pennystick,
In his mouth a penny pick,
And a penny in his pocket,
Lardy dah! Lardy dah!
And a penny in his pocket
Lardy dah! Lardy dah!

And "Down Went the Captain"—

Down went the Captain,
Down went the crew,
The First Mate, the Second Mate
The little middie, too.
Down went the Bosun,
And swore his love was true,
But she couldn't have them all,
So what was the poor girl to do?

Or "The Mermaid"—

Singing Rule, Britannia! Britannia, rule the waves!
For Britons never, never, never shall be mar-ri-ed
To a mer-mi-ed at the bottom of the deep blue sea.

And also "Silk Hat Tony"—

I 'm silk hat Tony, I 'm down and I 'm stony,
I 'm not only broke but I 'm bent,
The fringe round my trousers keeps lashing the houses,
But damn it, I 'm gay and content.
I stroll the West gaily, you 'll see me there daily,
From Burlington Arcade up to the Old Bailey,
I'm Tony, I'm stony, but that makes no difference, you see,
If I haven't a fraction, I 've this satisfaction,
They built Piccadilly for me!

Cheerfulness is provided by "The Excursion"—

A large trunk, a little trunk, a box, too, of the maid's,
A leather bag, a carpet bag, and the youngsters' hoops and spades.
Of brown paper parcels there are only just a few,
A perambulator, and a bath, and the poor old cockatoo,
A hamper and a rocking-horse, a footstool and a rug,
A wrapper and a waterproof, just to keep me snug,
A dressing-case, portmanteau, and umbrellas two or three,
And five little girls and boys, that 's all belongs to me.

And by "Martha Spanks the Grand Pianner"—

Martha spanks the grand pianner,
Father whacks the drum;
Mother in a soulful manner
Blows the tootle-tum.
Charlie swings the concertina,
Bob goes fiddle-di-dee;
But I 'm a brick for I waggle the stick
With a one, two, three.

Marital troubles are provided by "Why Did I Leave My Little Back Room?"—

Why did I leave my little back room in Bloomsbury?
Where I could live on a pound a week in luxury;
In my single days it was warm,
But when I married Maria,
I jumped out of the frying-pan into the blooming fire.

And "Poor John"—

John took me round to see his mother,
His mother! his mother!
And while he introduced us to each other,
She weighed up everything that I had on.
She put me through a cross ex-am-i-na-tion—
I fairly boiled with ag-gra-va-tion.
Then she shook her head, looked at me and said,
"Poor John! Poor John!"

Straight comedy is provided by innumerable songs like "Oh, Mr. Porter," "I Won't be a Nun," and "Daddy Wouldn't Buy Me a Bow-Wow."

Much humour, of course, is obtained by ragging what were originally intended to be straight sentimental songs like "Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage."

In addition to these light-hearted numbers, however, the programme includes one or two straight songs such as the tragic "All Round My Hat"—

All round my hat I wear a green willow—
All round my hat, for a twelve-month and a day,
If anyone should ask you the reason why I wears it,
Tell them that my true love is far, far away.

Occasionally, too, the audience is scarified by real brutalities like "Mrs. Dyer, the wicked baby-farmer," and "The Ballad of Sam Hall," the last verse of which goes—

And now I 'ears the bell, 'ears the bell.
And now I 'ears the bell, 'ears the bell.
And it is my funeral knell, and I 'll meet you all in Hell,
And I 'opes you frizzle well.
Damn your eyes!

Intermingled with the choruses and ballads one also finds monologues on such subjects as stamp-collecting, playing the oboe or the confessions of a Victorian missionary in the black continent. The "lecturer" is, of course, heckled incessantly by the audience, many of whom have learned several of his sentences and are able to complete them before he does.

The audiences, it will be realised, contribute very considerably to the entertainment. They also vary considerably. That is where the Chairman has to prove his mettle in coaxing the sluggards into song and generally warming things up.

Perhaps the most extraordinary feature of the whole show is the apparently unfinancial view taken by the management. The 4,000 members do not have to pay anything for admission and they can come as often as they like. Guest money is only 3s. 6d., and yet night after night people are turned away. It would be the easiest thing in the world to increase the price of the admission of guests to at least 7s. 6d. and to charge the members themselves a half-crown.

But not a bit of it, and the Players' Theatre continues to be the gayest and also the least expensive entertainment in London. It is rumoured that the management has once again been invited to open for a season in New York. If the offer is accepted it will be a fascinating experiment—to see what the U.S. makes of it all.

THE COLUMBUS MEMORIAL LIGHTHOUSE WHICH IS TO BE ERECTED IN DOMINICA, WHERE THE GREAT NAVIGATOR FIRST LANDED IN THE NEW WORLD : This 40-ft. model of the memorial was recently viewed by the King and Queen, and it is now on exhibition at the Royal Institute of British Architects. The design is the work of the British architect, J. L. Gleave, and it takes the form of a mile-long air-and-sea lighthouse. The memorial will cost £1,000,000, and this will be defrayed by the twenty-one Republics of the Americas

GRANDEUR IN KEEPING WITH AN HEROIC THEME : The main approach to the Columbus Memorial Lighthouse, which will stand on a site of 2,000 acres presented by the Dominican Government. This picture is taken from the 40-ft. model now on exhibition at the Royal Institute

THE MEMORIAL TO CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

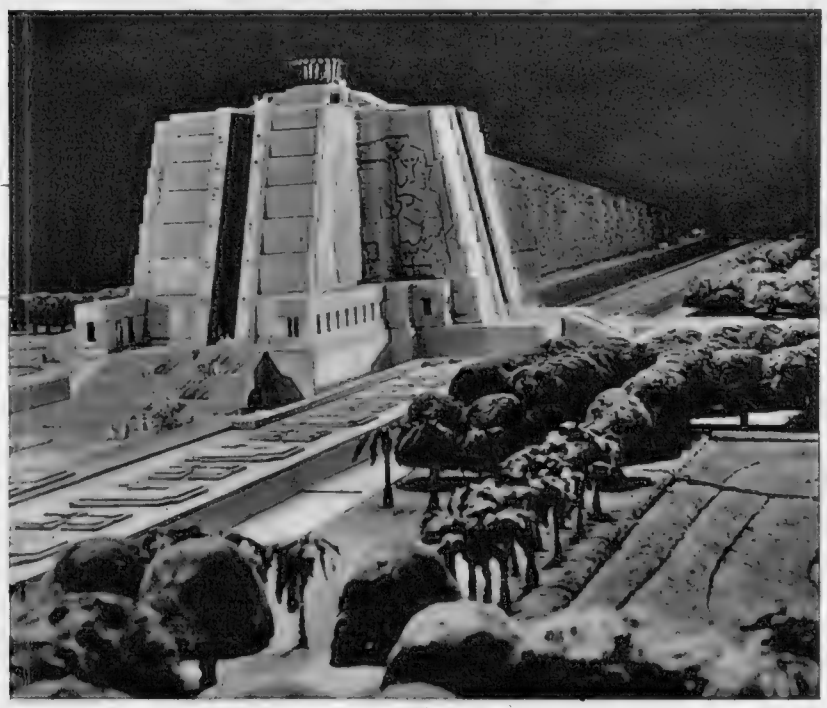
A Model of the Proposed Monument Now on Exhibition in London

Fifteen years ago, in open world competition, a young British architect, Mr. J. L. Gleave, won acceptance for his design for a memorial to Christopher Columbus. To-day a model of that design is on view at the Royal Institute of British Architects in Portland Place, London, and, after many vicissitudes, the plan for the memorial's erection is now going through.

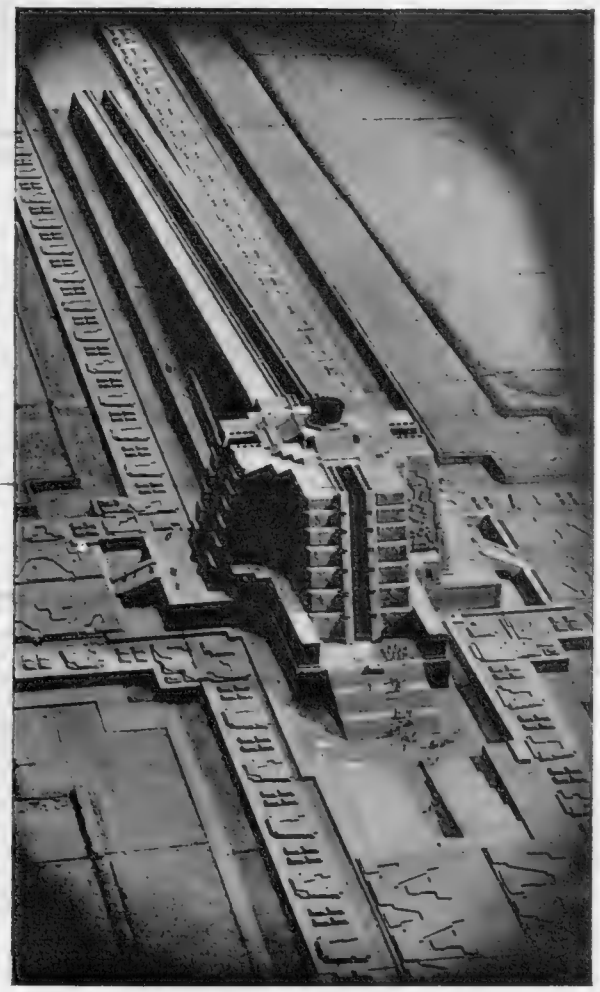
The design is in the form of a mile-long air-and-sea lighthouse, and the finished memorial will be set up at a point near where Columbus first landed in what is now the Dominican Republic. U.N.O. having approved the reopening of the scheme, the Dominican Government accordingly arranged for the exhibition of the model. The memorial is to cost £1,000,000, to be defrayed by the twenty-one Republics of the Americas. It will stand on a site of 2,000 acres presented by the Dominican Government. Its most striking feature will be its night illumination in the form of a huge cross formed by a deep slit through the solid masonry.

The memorial, which has all the aspect of a great Aztec shrine, will bear on its outer walls the names of men and women who have contributed to the progress of the New World.

The model was recently inspected at Portland Place by the King and Queen.



***On left*—A BEACON IN THE NEW WORLD : The deep slits through the solid masonry of the memorial will form a huge cross, and this will be illuminated brilliantly as a guide to aircraft. This picture gives an idea of the great length of the lighthouse, which has all the appearance of an Aztec monument**



***On right*—HOW THE MEMORIAL WILL APPEAR FROM THE AIR : An overhead view of the model, showing the layout of part of the ground that will surround it. On the walls of the building will be carved the names of those who have contributed to the progress of the New World**

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

A CELESTIAL BUS TRIP WITH C. S. LEWIS

A Philosophical Enquiry Which May Stimulate His Readers; A Napoleonic Novel That Lacks Life and Reality; A Cape Cod Thriller

MR. C. S. LEWIS'S THE GREAT DIVORCE (Geoffrey Bles. 7s. 6d.) is, briefly, a philosophical enquiry into the nature of heaven and hell, and has been written as an allegory of some profundity. "Blake wrote of the Marriage of Heaven and Hell," says Mr. Lewis. "If I have written of their Divorce, this is not because I consider myself a fit antagonist for so great a genius, nor even that I feel at all sure that I know what he meant. But in some sense or other the attempt to make that marriage is perennial. The attempt is based on the belief that reality never presents us with an absolutely unavoidable 'either-or' . . . this belief I take to be a disastrous error."

AGATHA CHRISTIE, QUEEN OF FICTIONAL CRIME, AT HER HOME IN PEACEFUL DEVON: The popular Anglo-American writer seen with her husband, Mr. M. E. L. Mallowan, on the heather-covered slopes above Greenway House. The property dates back to the days of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, the step-brother of Raleigh, and provides a peaceful contrast to the atmosphere of violence in which Agatha Christie surrounds so many of her heroes and villains

AT THEIR DEVON HOME: Agatha Christie, the prolific writer of thrillers, and her husband, Max Mallowan, the archæologist. During the war Mr. Mallowan served as adviser on Arab affairs to the British Government in Tripolitania. Agatha Christie has written over forty novels, most of them featuring the French detective Hercule Poirot

The fantasy suggested to Mr. Lewis by this train of thought opens with the arrival of a celestial bus, which deposits a party of tourists at the foothills of heaven. The tourists, a quarrelsome segment from the population of hell, are anything but happy with what they find. In this country, where the spirit is more real than material things, they become almost invisible ghosts, while even a blade of grass has the hardness of a diamond, and weighs more heavily than lead. They learn, from the saved souls who come to greet them, that many other values are reversed here.

In the end, after a sceptic has concluded that heaven and hell are managed by the same firm, when a grumbler has refused to be denied any cause for complaint, when a vain female ghost has objected to her transparency, and an independent soul who has made his way on earth by the sweat of his brow has discovered that he is of less value here than a murderer, they all return gratefully to the bus, happy to relinquish the kingdom of heaven.

This is an experience in reading, and one that will stimulate your thought.

Undeterred by the awkwardness of the title of Miss Evelyn Eaton's new novel, I started on it with interest, and was rewarded by a straightforward adventure story of the Corsican patriot Pascal Paoli, whose struggles to unite Corsica and free it, first from the Genoese and later from the French, have been mentioned by no less a person than Boswell.

IN WHAT TORN SHIP (Cassell. 7s. 6d.) tells Paoli's story in part; his love for his young lieutenant, Carlo Buonaparte, whom he adopted as his "heir," and who married the pretty, spirited girl Letizia. Her fire matched Paoli's, though she was at first afraid of his love for her, and could not reconcile it with her devotion to her young husband. It was not until her first child was born, and her second a few months from birth, that she realised the full depth of her feeling for the patriot leader, and when the French finally conquered Corsica, and Paoli had to escape to England, Letizia decided to name her new son Napoleon, because "it had a sound of Paoli."

The setting and the times are exciting, and the facts of the story dramatic enough to carry it along, but it seemed to me that the characters, although brightly coloured and sharply differentiated beyond fear of confusion, lacked life, and were consistent to the point of unreality. Nor did I feel convinced that Madame Napoleon's famous and later reiterated line—"*Pourvu que cela dure*"—first fell on the Corsican air in those very early days.

Mr. Peter Cheyney has deserted his Slim Callaghans and Lemmy Cautions, though not his tough types altogether, and written quite the best book of his career, with DARK HERO (Collins. 8s. 6d.); the story of a Chicago gunman of Prohibition days, turned patriot and intelligence man, in the war. Even Mr. Cheyney's style, usually as staccato as a sawn-off machine-gun in action, has been considerably smoothened, without any noticeable loss of pace. It is as if he now used a silencer, and the effect is fine.

The story opens dramatically, which one might have expected, and in a concentration camp, which one might not. Rene Berg, ex-Ozark Mountains boy, ex-racketeer, is crawling painfully inch by inch towards the barbed-wire, against which for a few minutes every day the German sentry leaves his rifle as he greets the girl who brings him tobacco and other comforts. Berg has worked out a plan, and even in his weakness, it is a good plan. He will shoot the camp commandant, and then he will hang himself on a prearranged loop of wire.

The first part of his scheme succeeds, but he is too weak to reach the noose, and as he drops back to the ground the British arrive to liberate the camp: it is April 1945. From then, or rather, from the time Berg gets back to London, supplied with money and papers by a British Intelligence officer, there is a flashback to his old life, and the violent career which made Berg what he is, a killer whose peculiar talent can be used and whose physical courage can be counted on in a better cause than bootlegging and hi-jacking.

It is good stuff of its kind, and I don't intend to spoil your enjoyment of it by letting you into any more of the plot.

PROOF OF THE PUDDING (Crime Club. 7s. 6d.) is another Asey Mayo mystery, in which the Cape Cod detective uncovers a fine tangle of murders, jealousies and general chicanery. Miss Phœbe Atwood Taylor writes this kind of thing expertly.

Asey comes back to Pogue Neck, to the house which he shares with his elderly cousin, to find that a recent hurricane has shattered the summer colony, and that most of the inhabitants are out on the rocks and beaches collecting their household belongings, and even parts of their houses. Needless to say, when Asey joins in the general salvage hunt, he finds a beautiful but very dead girl, and from then on, to be ghoulish, the fun starts.

As a matter of fact and record, the pace is not quite as fast in this as in most of Miss Taylor's works, but it is a satisfactorily involved plot, with an equally satisfactory elucidation.

BIRDS IN COLOUR (Collins. 25s.) is the first book of a well-known naturalist who has been a photographer of bird-life for over twenty years. Before he was eight, Mr. Walter Higham started experimenting with his first box camera, and, finally, as a young man and after the loss of the sight of one eye in a shooting accident, he decided to become a natural history photographer, specialising on birds. This book is one of the results, and it is a real addition to the literature on the subject.

All the eighty-nine pictures are in direct colour photography, and the letterpress is divided under practical sub-headings for the genuine student. The section "Birds in the Garden" is particularly original, since it not only describes the kinds of birds you might expect to see, but also the plants and trees that the birds frequent—a list I have never seen before. The last, and perhaps the most valuable section of the book is devoted to an index, a page to each variety, of British "garden" birds, their appearances, their habits and, another new touch, the kind of bird table or box or nut gadget that you might fit up to attract them.

Books about trout continue to come in. The latest are ANGLING FOR BROWN TROUT (Herbert Jenkins. 8s. 6d.), by Mr. A. R. Harris Cass, and the simpler CATCHING TROUT (Herbert Jenkins. 6s.), by Lieut.-Colonel T. H. Barnes, which is intended as a text-book in the gentle art for young people. Between them they cover the ground—and the water—pretty thoroughly.

Mr. Cass's book is illustrated with his own photographs and with diagrams. Lieut.-Colonel Barnes's book has Mrs. Barnes's lucid and often witty drawings to enliven it.

ARTIST TO A NATION OF SHOPKEEPERS: Mr. John Cole, who lives and works in a converted public-house at Notting Hill Gate, known as the Duke of Sussex Studios, specialises in painting pictures of shops, and is seen here putting the finishing touches to his picture of Batsford's, the celebrated Mayfair bookshop in North Audley Street. He has painted shops all over London, and some of his latest works are now on view at Burlington House. Mr. Cole's grandfather was George Vicat Cole, the celebrated Victorian landscape-painter

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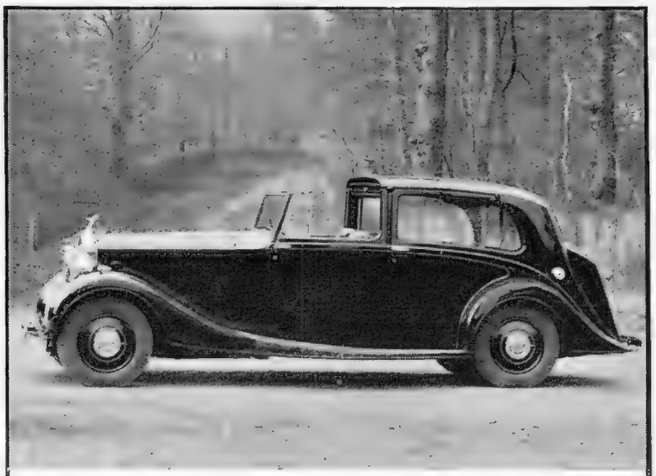

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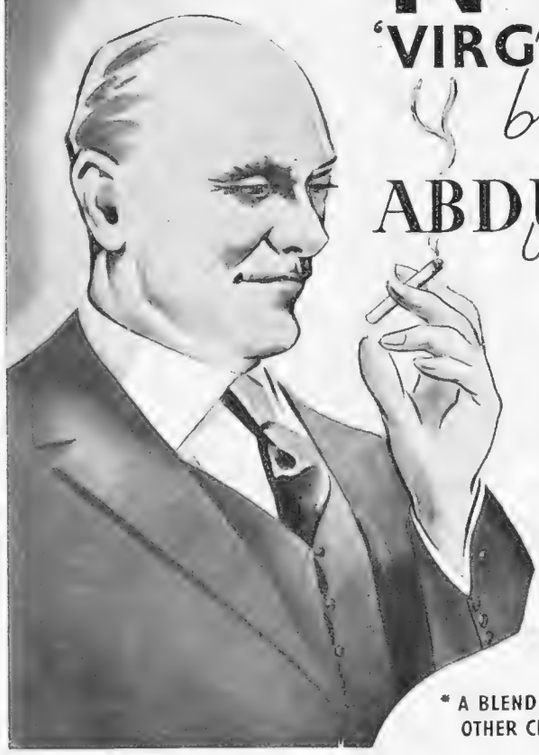

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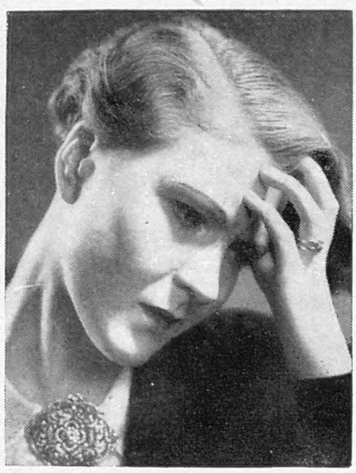

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Sir Thomas Gresham and the pearl

The bourse built by Sir Thomas Gresham was proclaimed the Royal Exchange by Queen Elizabeth who formally opened it in 1570. She afterwards honoured Sir Thomas by dining with him when, if we are to believe contemporary poets, Sir Thomas toasted the Queen in a cup of wine in which a pearl which "no-one could afford to buy" had been crushed.

"Here fifteen hundred pounds at one clap goes;
Instead of sugar, Gresham drinks the pearl
Unto his queen and mistress; pledge it lords!"

That Queen Elizabeth named the Royal Exchange and that Sir Thomas toasted her are matters of history, but the story of the pearl is at least as old as Cleopatra and may easily be a flight of poetic fancy.

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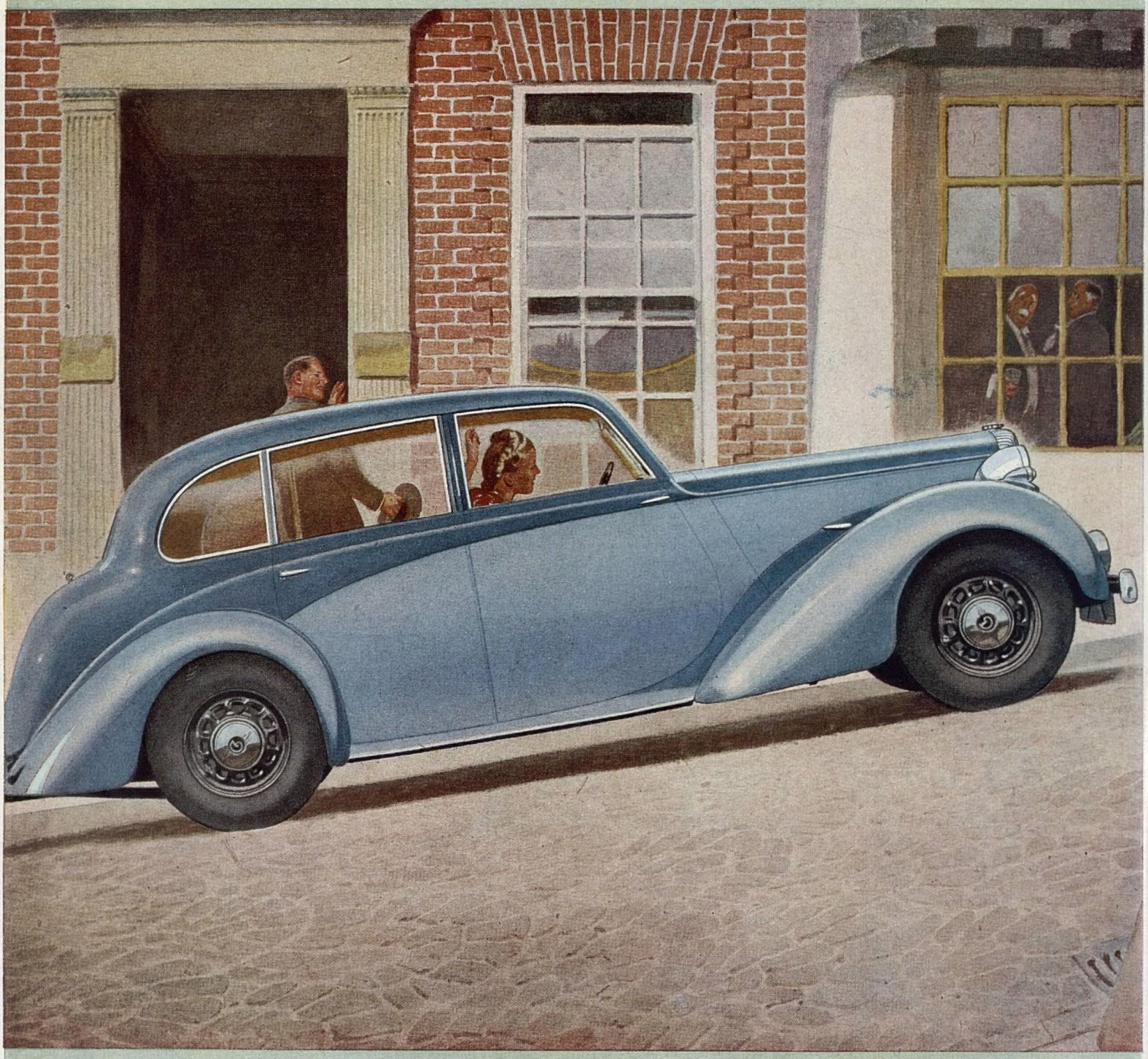

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